



The mysterious interview in Hyde Park

AURIOL
OR
THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

BY
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were sheeted with ice, and dangerous to horsemen and vehicles; but the footways were firm and pleasant to the tread.

Here and there, a fire was lighted in the streets, round which ragged urchins and mendicants were collected, roasting fragments of meat stuck upon iron prongs; or quaffing deep draughts of metheglin and ale, out of leathern cups. Crowds were collected in the open places, watching the wonders in the heavens, and drawing auguries from them, chiefly sinister, for most of the beholders thought the signs portended the speedy death of the queen, and the advent of a new monarch from the north—a safe and easy interpretation, considering the advanced age and declining health of the illustrious Elizabeth, together with the known appointment of her successor, James of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the early habits of the times, few persons had retired to rest, an universal wish prevailing among the citizens to see the new year in, and welcome the century accompanying it. Lights glimmered in most windows, revealing the holly-sprigs and laurel-leaves stuck thickly in their diamond panes; while, whenever a door was opened, a ruddy gleam burst across the street; and a glance inside the dwelling showed its inmates either gathered round the glowing hearth, occupied in mirthful sports—fox-fath's hole, blind-man's-buff, or shoe-the-mare—or seated at the ample board groaning with Christmas cheer.

Music and singing were heard at every corner, and bands of comely damsels, escorted by their sweethearts, went from house to house, bearing hage brown bowls dressed

with ribands and rosemary, and filled with a drink called "lamb's-wool," composed of sturdy ale, sweetened with sugar, spiced with nutmeg, and having toasts and burnt crabs floating within it,—a draught from which seldom brought its pretty bearers less than a groat, and occasionally a more valuable coin.

Such was the vigil of the year Sixteen Hundred.

On this night, and at the tenth hour, a man of striking and venerable appearance was seen to emerge upon a small wooden balcony, projecting from a bay-window near the top of a picturesque structure situated at the southern extremity of London-bridge.

The old man's beard and hair were as white as snow—the former descending almost to his girdle; so were the thick overhanging brows that shaded his still piercing eyes. His forehead was high, bald, and ploughed by innumerable wrinkles. His countenance, despite its death-like paleness, had a noble and majestic cast, and his figure, ~~though~~ worn to the bone by a life of the severest study, and bent by the weight of years, must have been once lofty and commanding. His dress consisted of a doublet and hose of sad-coloured cloth, over which he wore a loose gown of black silk. His head was covered by a square black cap, from beneath which his silver locks strayed over his shoulders.

Known by the name of Doctor Lamb, and addicted to alchemical and philosophical pursuits, this venerable personage was esteemed by the vulgar as little better than a wizard. Strange tales were reported and believed of him.

Amongst others, it was said that he possessed a familiar, because he chanced to employ a deformed, crack-brained dwarf, who assisted him in his operations, and whom he appropriately enough denominated Flapdragon.

Doctor Lamb's gaze was fixed intently upon the heavens, and he seemed to be noting the position of the moon with reference to some particular star.

After remaining in this posture for a few minutes, he was about to retire, when a loud crash arrested him, and he turned to see whence it proceeded.

Immediately before him stood the Southwark Gateway—a square stone building, with a round, embattled turret at each corner, and a flat, leaden roof, planted with a forest of poles, fifteen or sixteen feet high, garnished with human heads. To his surprise, the doctor perceived that two of these poles had just been overthrown by a tall man, who was in the act of stripping them of their grisly burdens.

Having accomplished his object, the mysterious plunderer thrust his spoil into a leathern bag with which he provided, tied its mouth, and was about to take his departure by means of a rope-ladder attached to the battlements, when his retreat was suddenly cut off by the gatekeeper, armed with a halberd, and bearing a lantern, who issued from a door opening upon the leads.

The baffled marauder looked round, and remarking the open window at which Doctor Lamb was stationed, hurled the sack and its contents through it. He then tried to gain the ladder, but was intercepted by the gatekeeper, who dealt him a severe blow on the head with his halberd.

The plunderer uttered a loud cry, and attempted to draw his sword; but before he could do so, he received a thrust in the side from his opponent. He then fell, and the gatekeeper would have repeated the blow, if the doctor had not called to him to desist.

"Do not kill him, good Baldred," he cried. "The attempt may not be so criminal as it appears. Doubtless, the mutilated remains which the poor wretch has attempted to carry off, are those of his kindred, and horror at their exposure must have led him to commit the offence."

"It may be, doctor," replied Baldred; "and if so I shall be sorry I have hurt him. But I am responsible for the safe custody of these traitorous relics, and it is as much as my own head is worth to permit their removal."

"I know it," replied Doctor Lamb; "and you are fully justified in what you have done. It may throw some light upon the matter, to know whose miserable remains have been disturbed."

"They were the heads of two rank papists," replied Baldred, "who were decapitated on Tower Hill, on Saint Nicholas's day, three weeks ago, for conspiring against the queen."

"But their names?" demanded the doctor. "How were they called?"

"They were father and son," replied Baldred;—"Sir Simon Darcy and Master Reginald Darcy. Perchance they were known to your worship?"

"Too well—too well!" replied Doctor Lamb, in a voice of emotion, that startled his hearer. "They were near

kinsmen of mine own. What is he like who has made this strange attempt?"

"Of a verity, a fair youth," replied Baldred, holding down the lantern. "Heaven grant I have not wounded him to the death! No, his heart still beats. Ha! here are his tablets," he added, taking a small book from his doublet; "these may give the information you seek. You were right in your conjecture, doctor. The name herein inscribed is the same as that borne by the others—Auriol Darcy."

"I see it all," cried Lamb. "It was a pious and praise-worthy deed. Bring the unfortunate youth to my dwelling, Baldred, and you shall be well rewarded. Use despatch, I pray you."

As the gatekeeper essayed to comply, the wounded man groaned deeply, as if in great pain.

"Fling me the weapon with which you smote him," cried Doctor Lamb, in accents of commiseration, "and I will anoint it with the powder of sympathy. His anguish will be speedily abated."

"I know your worship can accomplish wonders," cried Baldred, throwing the halberd into the balcony. "I will do my part as gently as I can."

And as the alchemist took up the weapon, and disappeared through the window, the gatekeeper lifted the wounded man by the shoulders, and conveyed him down a narrow winding staircase to a lower chamber. Though he proceeded carefully, the sufferer was put to excruciating pain; and when Baldred placed him on a wooden bench, and held

a lamp towards him, he perceived that his features were darkened and distorted.

"I fear it's all over with him," murmured the gatekeeper; "I shall have a dead body to take to Doctor Lamb. It would be a charity to knock him on the head, rather than let him suffer thus. The doctor passes for a cunning man, but if he can cure this poor youth without seeing him, by the help of his sympathetic ointment, I shall begin to believe, what some folks avouch, that he has relations with the devil."

While Baldred was ruminating in this manner, a sudden and extraordinary change took place in the sufferer. As if by magic, the contraction of the muscles subsided; the features assumed a wholesome hue, and the respiration was no longer laborious. Baldred stared as if a miracle had been wrought.

Now that the countenance of the youth had regained its original expression, the gatekeeper could not help being struck by its extreme beauty. The face was a perfect oval, with regular and delicate features. A short silken moustache covered the upper lip, which was short and proud, and a pointed beard terminated the chin. The hair was black, glossy, and cut short, so as to disclose a highly intellectual expanse of brow.

The youth's figure was slight, but admirably proportioned. His attire consisted of a black satin doublet, slashed with white, hose of black silk, and a short velvet mantle. His eyes were still closed, and it was difficult to say what effect they might give to the face when they lighted it up; but

youth will die if he remains here. See, he has fainted already!"

Thus urged, the dwarf laid down the halberd, and between the two, Auriol was speedily conveyed up a wide oaken staircase to the laboratory. Doctor Lamb was plying the bellows at the furnace, on which a large alembic was placed, and he was so engrossed by his task, that he scarcely noticed the entrance of the others.

"Place the youth on the ground, and rear his head against the chair," he cried, hastily, to the dwarf. "Bathe his brows with the decoction in that crucible. I will attend to him anon. Come to me on the morrow, Baldred, and I will repay thee for thy trouble. I am busy now."

"These relics, doctor," cried the gatekeeper, glancing at the bag, which was lying on the ground, and from which a bald head protruded—"I ought to take them back with me."

"Heed them not—they will be safe in my keeping," cried Doctor Lamb, impatiently; "to-morrow—to-morrow."

Casting a furtive glance round the laboratory, and shrugging his shoulders, Baldred departed; and Flapdragon having bathed the sufferer's temples with the decoction, in obedience to his master's injunctions, turned to inquire what he should do next.

"Begone!" cried the doctor, so fiercely that the dwarf darted out of the room, clapping the door after him.

Doctor Lamb then applied himself to his task with renewed ardour, and in a few seconds became wholly insensible of the presence of a stranger.

Revived by the stimulant, Auriol presently opened his eyes, and gazing round the room, thought he must be dreaming, so strange and fantastical did all appear. The floor was covered with the implements used by the adept—bolt-heads, crucibles, cucurbites, and retorts, scattered about without any attempt at arrangement. In one corner was a large terrestrial sphere; near it was an astrolabe; and near that a heap of disused glass vessels. On the other side, lay a black, mysterious-looking book, fastened with brazen clasps. Around it, were a ram's horn, a pair of forceps, a roll of parchment, a pestle and mortar, and a large plate of copper, graven with the mysterious symbols of the Isaiical table. Near this was the leathern bag containing the two decapitated heads, one of which had burst forth. On a table, at the farther end of the room, stood a large open volume, with parchment leaves, covered with cabalistical characters, referring to the names of spirits. Near it were two parchment scrolls, written in letters, respectively denominated by the Chaldaic sages, "the Malachim," and "the Passing of the River." One of these scrolls was kept in its place by a skull. An ancient and grotesque-looking brass lamp, with two snake-headed burners, lighted the room. From the ceiling depended a huge scaly sea-monster, with outspread fins, open jaws, garnished with tremendous teeth, and great goggling eyes. Near it hung a celestial sphere. The chimney-piece, which was curiously carved, and projected far into the room, was laden with various implements of Hermetic science. Above it were hung dried bats and flutter-mice, interspersed with the skulls of birds

and apes. Attached to the chimney-piece was a horary, sculptured in stone, near which hung a large star-fish. The fireplace was occupied by the furnace, on which, as has been stated, was placed an alembic, communicating by means of a long serpentine pipe with a receiver. Within the room were two skeletons, one of which, placed behind a curtain in the deep embrasure of the window, where its polished bones glistened in the white moonlight, had a horrible effect. The other enjoyed more comfortable quarters near the chimney, its fleshless feet dangling down in the smoke arising from the furnace.

Doctor Lamb, meanwhile, steadily pursued his task, though he ever and anon paused, to sling certain roots and drugs upon the charcoal. As he did this, various-coloured flames broke forth—now blue, now green, now blood-red.

Tinged by these fires, the different objects in the chamber seemed to take other forms, and to become instinct with animation. The gourd-shaped cucurbites were transformed into great bloated toads bursting with venom; the long-necked bolt-heads became monstrous serpents; the worm-like pipes turned into adders; the alembics looked like plumed helmets; the characters on the Isaical table, and those on the parchments, seemed traced in fire, and to be ever changing; the sea-monster bellowed and roared, and, flapping his fins, tried to burst from his hook; the skeletons wagged their jaws, and raised their fleshless fingers in mockery, while blue lights burnt in their eyeless sockets; the bellows became a prodigious bat fanning the fire with

its wings; and the old alchemist assumed the appearance of the arch-fiend presiding over a witches' sabbath.

Auriol's brain reeled, and he pressed his hand to his eyes, to exclude these phantasms from his sight. But even thus they pursued him; and he imagined he could hear the infernal riot going on around him.

Suddenly, he was roused by a loud joyful cry, and, uncovering his eyes, he beheld Doctor Lamb pouring the contents of the matrass—a bright, transparent liquid—into a small phial. Having carefully secured the bottle with a glass stopper, the old man held it towards the light, and gazed at it with rapture.

"At length," he exclaimed aloud—"at length, the great work is achieved. With the birth of the century now expiring I first saw light, and the draught I hold in my hand shall enable me to see the opening of centuries and centuries to come. Composed of the lunar stones, the solar stones, and the mercurial stones—prepared according to the instructions of the Rabbi Ben Lucca,—namely, by the separation of the pure from the impure, the volatilisation of the fixed, and the fixing of the volatile; this elixir shall renew my youth, like that of the eagle, and give me length of days greater than any patriarch ever enjoyed."

While thus speaking, he held up the sparkling liquid, and gazed at it like a Persian worshipping the sun.

"To live for ever!" he cried, after a pause—"to escape the jaws of death just when they are opening to devour me!—to be free from all accidents!—'tis a glorious

thought! Ha! I bethink me, the rabbi said there was one peril against which the elixir could not guard me—one vulnerable point, by which, like the heel of Achilles, death might reach me! What is it?—where can it lie?”

And he relapsed into deep thought.

“This uncertainty will poison all my happiness,” he continued; “I shall live in constant dread, as of an invisible enemy. But no matter! Perpetual life!—perpetual youth!—what more need be desired?”

“What more, indeed!” cried Auriol.

“Ha!” exclaimed the doctor, suddenly recollecting the wounded man, and concealing the phial beneath his gown.

“Your caution is vain, doctor,” said Auriol. “I have heard what you have uttered. You fancy you have discovered the elixir vite.”

“Fancy I have discovered it!” cried Doctor Lamb.

“The matter is past all doubt. I am the possessor of the wondrous secret, which the greatest philosophers of all ages have sought to discover—the miraculous preservative of the body against decay.”

“The man who brought me hither told me you were my kinsman,” said Auriol. “Is it so?”

“It is,” replied the doctor, “and you shall now learn the connexion that subsists between us. Look at that ghastly relic,” he added, pointing to the head protruding from the bag, “that was once my son Simon. His son’s head is within the sack—your father’s head—so that four generations are brought together.”

“Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed the young man, raising

himself on his elbow. “You, then, are my great-grand-sire. My father supposed you had died in his infancy. An old tale runs in the family that you were charged with sorcery, and fled to avoid the stake.”

“It is true that I fled, and took the name I bear at present,” replied the old man, “but I need scarcely say that the charge brought against me was false. I have devoted myself to abstract science; have held commune with the stars; and have wrested the most hidden secrets from Nature—but that is all. Two crimes alone have stained my soul, but both, I trust, have been expiated by repentance.”

“Were they deeds of blood?” asked Auriol.

“One was so,” replied Darcy, with a shudder. “It was a cowardly and treacherous deed, aggravated by the basest ingratitude. Listen, and you shall hear how it chanced. A Roman rabbi, named Ben Lucca, skilled in Hermetic science, came to this city. His fame reached me, and I sought him out, offering myself as his disciple. For months, I remained with him in his laboratory—working at the furnace, and poring over mystic lore. One night, he showed me that volume, and, pointing to a page within it, said: ‘Those characters contain the secret of confecting the elixir of life. I will now explain them to you, and afterwards we will proceed to the operation.’ With this, he unfolded the mystery; but he bade me observe, that the menstruum was defective on one point. Wherefore, he said, ‘there will still be peril from some hidden cause.’ Oh, with what greediness I drank in his words! How I gazed

at the mystic characters, as he explained their import! What visions floated before me of perpetual youth and enjoyment. At that moment a demon whispered in my ear, — This secret must be thine own. No one else must possess it."

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, starting.

"The evil thought was no sooner conceived than acted upon," pursued Darcy. "Instantly drawing my poniard, I plunged it to the rabbi's heart. But mark what followed. His blood fell upon the book, and obliterated the characters; nor could I by any effort of memory recal the composition of the elixir."

"When did you regain the secret?" asked Auriol, curiously.

"To-night," replied Darcy—"within this hour. For nigh fifty years, after that fatal night I have been making fruitless experiments. A film of blood has obscured my mental sight. I have proceeded by calcitration, solution, putrefaction—have produced the oils which will fix crude mercury, and convert all bodies into gold and luna; but I have ever failed in fermenting the stone into the true elixir. To-night, it came into my head to wash the blood-stained page containing the secret with a subtle liquid. I did so; and doubting the efficacy of the experiment, left it to work, while I went forth to breathe the air at my window. My eyes were cast upwards, and I was struck with the malignant aspect of my star. How to reconcile this with the good fortune which has just befallen me, I know not—but so it was. At this juncture, your rash, but pious attempt

occurred. Having discovered our relationship, and enjoined the gatekeeper to bring you hither, I returned to my old laboratory. On glancing towards the mystic volume, what was my surprise to see the page free from blood!"

Auriol uttered a slight exclamation, and gazed at the book with superstitious awe.

"The sight was so surprising, that I dropped the sack I had brought with me," pursued Darcy. "Fearful of again losing the secret, I nerved myself to the task, and placing fuel on the fire, dismissed my attendant with brief injunctions relative to you. I then set to work. How I have succeeded, you perceive. I hold in my hand the treasure I have so long sought—so eagerly coveted. The whole world's wealth should not purchase it from me."

Auriol gazed earnestly at his aged relative, but he said nothing.

"In a few moments I shall be as full of vigour and activity as yourself," continued Darcy. "We shall be no longer the great-grandson and his descendant, but friends—companions—equals—equals in age, strength, activity, beauty, fortune—for youth is fortune—ha! ha! Methinks I am already young again!"

"You spoke of two crimes with which your conscience was burdened," remarked Auriol. "You have mentioned but one."

"The other was not so foul as that I have described," replied Darcy, in an altered tone, "inasmuch as it was unintentional, and occasioned by no base motive. My wife, your ancestress, was a most lovely woman, and so passion-

ately was I enamoured of her, that I tried by every art to heighten and preserve her beauty. I fed her upon the flesh of capens, nourished with vipers; caused her to steep her lovely limbs in baths distilled from roses and violets; and had recourse to the most potent cosmetics. At last I prepared a draught from poisons—yes, poisons—the effect of which I imagined would be wondrous. She drank it, and expired horribly disfigured. Conceive my despair at beholding the fair image of my idolatry destroyed—defaced by my hand. In my frenzy I should have laid violent hands upon myself, if I had not been restrained. Love may again rule my heart—beauty may again dazzle my eyes, but I shall never more feel the passion I entertained for my lost Amice—never more behold charms equal to hers."

And he pressed his hand to his face.

"The mistake you then committed should serve as a warning," said AurioL. "What if it be poison you have now concocted? Try a few drops of it on some animal."

"No—no; it is the true elixir," replied Darcy. "Not a drop must be wasted. You will witness its effect anon. Like the snake, I shall cast my slough, and come forth younger than I was at twenty."

"Meantime, I beseech you to render me some assistance," groaned AurioL, "or, while you are preparing for immortality, I shall expire before your eyes."

"Be not afraid," replied Darcy; "you shall take no harm. I will care for you presently; and I understand

leechcraft so well, that I will answer for your speedy and perfect recovery."

"Drink, then, to it!" cried AurioL.

"I know not what stays my hand," said the old man, raising the phial; "but now that immortality is in my reach, I dare not grasp it."

"Give me the potion, then," cried AurioL.

"Not for worlds," rejoined Darcy, hugging the phial to his breast. "No; I will be young again—rich—happy. I will go forth into the world—I will bask in the smiles of beauty—I will feast, revel, sing—life shall be one perpetual round of enjoyment. Now for the trial—ha!" and, as he raised the potion towards his lips, a sudden pang shot across his heart. "What is this?" he cried, staggering. "Can death assail me when I am just about to enter upon perpetual life? Help me, good grandson! Place the phial to my lips. Pour its contents down my throat—quick! quick!"

"I am too weak to stir," groaned AurioL. "You have delayed it too long."

"Oh, Heavens! we shall both perish," shrieked Darcy, vainly endeavouring to raise his palsied arm,—“perish with the blissful shore in view."

And he sank backwards, and would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught at the terrestrial sphere for support.

"Help me—help me!" he screamed, fixing a glance of unutterable anguish on his relative.

"It is worth the struggle," cried Arrial. And, by a great effort, he raised himself, and staggered towards the old man.

"Sacred—sacred!" shrieked Tancp. "Pour it down my throat. An instant and all will be well."

"Think you I have done this for you?" cried Arrial, snatching the poison: "poison!"

And, supposing himself against the furnace, he placed the phial to his lips, and eagerly drank its contents.

The old man seemed paralyzed by the action, his lips his eye fixed upon the wound till he had drained the phial to the last drop. His throat uttered a pining cry, threw up his arms, and fell heavily backwards.

Dead—dead!

Flashes of light passed before Arrial's eyes, and strange noises smote his ears. For a moment he was bewildered as when alone, and laughed and sang cheerfully like a madman. Every object faded and seemed moved him. The glass vessels and jars shrank their contents all together, yet remained undrained; the firmness, broadness, hard bones and supple vigour; the "good" words of the shabby life came not only and seemed kind with motion; the page of the book-bird ran black; the sphere of the empty rolled along the floor, and extended from the wall as if impelled by a great hand; the skeleton ground and glittered; we did not dwell in time on the stone—no but trembled against the chimney; the ministers we had looked forth the and shade; the cold dampened hand spread its open, and

fixed them, with a stony glare, on the young man; while the dead anatomist shook his head meaningly at him.

Unable to bear these accumulated horrors, Arrial became, for a short space, insensible. On awaking, all was still. The lights within the lamp had expired; but the brighter moonlight, streaming through the window, illumined the dead features of the unfortunate anatomist, and on the catalytic characters of the open veins shone last.

Longer to test the effect of the phial, Arrial put his hand to his side. All traces of his wound were gone; nor did he experience the slightest pain in any other part of his body. On the contrary, he seemed endowed with supernatural strength. His breast heaved with eagerness, and he longed to expand his joy in other words.

Striding over the body in his legal relation, he stood upon the window. As he did so, yelping, grubs from some surrounding direction, announcing the arrival of the new year.

While listening to this chorus, Arrial gazed at the population and primary city crowded out silent sleep, and looked in the moonlight.

"A hundred years hence," he thought, "and seventy out of the thousands within your house will be living with myself. A hundred years after that, and their children's children will be gone to the grave. But I don't know—shall live through all chronological passages—well know. What wonder as I shall then have to make, if I would dare to shadow them?"

As he predicted, then, the skeleton hanging near the wall was strayed by the wind, and its long fingers came to contact with his cheek. A shuddering idea was suggested by the encounter.

"There is no peril to be avoided," he thought; "and even were I mortal, I should not be afraid of it. I will look on none of it. I may never sleep. I will be gone. This place leaves me."

With this, he left the laboratory, and hastily ascending the stairs, at the door of which he found *Physiologie*, passed out of the house.

Took the First—Ebb.

I.

THE OTHER ROOM IN THE LABORATORY.

LATE one night, in the spring of 1883, you were seated at a long, dimly-illumined table, near the window, and shaped their course apparently in the direction of Vauxhall-bridge. Approaching the footpath near the river, they moved steadily along the bottom line of the road, as one the open ground offered them no real resistance. In the air, as it could be discerned by the glimmer of the torch, a faint, constantly-shifting form from a rack of heavy clouds, the appearance of these passages was not such as to be favourable. Mattered however, somewhat dimly, the observation of some and laboratory; these, indeed, were beneath a several days' growth, -44, and a faint of light. Given most that general observation, which would and rugged surface, above without some, and did not without some, associated thence of their aspect.

One of them was tall and gaunt, with large hands and feet; but despite his ungainliness, he vigorously possessed great strength; the other was considerably shorter, but broad-shouldered, long-legged, long-armed, and altogether a more formidable fellow. This latter had high cheek-bones, a long square nose, and a coarse mouth and chin, in which the animal greatly predominated. He had a shaggy red head, with sandy hair, white teeth and eyes. The countenance of the other was dark and un-pleasant, and covered with wrinkles, the result of habitual intemperance. His eyes had a haring and sanguinary look. A broadsword spat out with blood, and that was the brow, distracted strongly with his hoisted black hair, and discoloured his natural appearance of beauty. The white collar around a naked spine for shivering, and the green garment resembling 'sawdust' the breast of the man, which otherwise passed to be a back button.

Not a word passed between them; but finding a vigilance look-out, they resolved to make a dash, demanding steps. A few words were heard the back of their ears, and they were not and then a plash in the water, or a splash up, but nothing was really said; but presently all was peacefully still. The guard, looking on from the opposite bank, the row of red-brown and light brown to the strand, the green timber park and red park, the beechwood, grass-wood, and water-wood, could only be imperfectly discerned; but the moonlight fell clear upon the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace, and on the neighbouring church. The same glimmer also ran into a silver fold

across the stream, and revealed the great, stern, fortress-like pile of the Penitentiary—perhaps the most diabolical-looking structure in the whole metropolis. The world of habitations beyond this wretchedly prison were buried in darkness. The two men, however, thought nothing of these things, and saw nothing of them; but, in arriving within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, suddenly, as if by preconcert, quitted the road, and, leaping a rail, ran across a field, and plunged into a hollow formed by a dell pit, where they came to a necessary halt.

“You ain’t a-boss no argument’ me in this matter, Tinker?” observed the shorter individual. “The corp’s ears be none.”

“Why, you can’t expect me to answer the corporal as I can for myself, Samson,” replied the other; “and as his own word’s to be taken for it, he’s wiser to be than. I heard him say, as plainly as I’ve a word to say, to go to bed by here to-morrow night—in the morn’ here—”

“And that was one o’clock?” said the Squire.

“Innocence,” replied the other.

“And who’ll be say that a?” demanded the Squire.

“To himself, I s’pose,” answered the Tinker. “No, as I told you afore, I can’t see but can with him.”

“Do you think he’s one of our police?” inquired the Squire.

“Ain’t you? me—Ora be ain’t,” answered the Tinker.

“That’s a rag for sleep-up well.”

“That’s no reason at all,” said the Squire. “What a grotesque and practices in our line. But we can’t help but

right mind to come to see a lot of dirt and go on as you mention."

"Just as that I can't see," replied the Finkler, "and it don't much matter to me as ye've conspired."

"Is it a lie?" replied the Sandman, "anyway—anybody wouldn't expect, Finkler. I've heard say that this city is haunted, well, though I don't think you'd like to see it, it's a different sort of haunted."

"Well, don't stand out over real flesh and blood, you may depend upon it," replied the Finkler. "So come along, and don't let's be frightened ourselves with old women's tales."

When they emerged from the pit, crossed the lower part of the hole and entered a narrow thoroughfare, skirted by a few dilapidated houses, which brought them into the Vauxhall-bridge-road.

Here they went on the side of the street most in shadow, and thought not whether they came to a lamp. By-and-by, a pale light came and glancing from behind the building, and, as the darkness of the night drew near, the radiant eyes of the stars to be seen. As they went the stars were close, they seemed that, and quickening their pace, came to a vast and beautiful and magnificent scene. This was their destination.

The scope of "Sabbath-day" is, indeed, more than a dozen in number, many in all probability, given in religiously called "the Gospels" and showed the fact of some religiously speaking, "the Gospels" they were in a small religious gathering, under a white tent, and there. The tent was now being left standing, and those men in a very beautiful scene.

existence. These engorged chests served as receptacles for the heat, blinks of moment and, and other passionate nature. The aspect of the whole face was so intent and agonising that it was generally regarded by passengers that it lasted.

Shuffling along the long and feverish walls, the Father, who was now a little in distress, stopped before a door, and pushing it open, entered the building. His companion followed him.

The extraordinary and monstrous condition of affairs which had the gaze of the thousands, mingled with the unusual appearance of the pair, produced in their eyes his hardly not surprising below.

Looking round, he beheld huge numbers, numerous men—black, white of complexion, tall men, children, women, two groups of the moment before, a quivering pair of women under the same table, old ladies, and gentlemen, old women, children, old men, old ladies, old girls of men, old people, again, and many others, kneeling and bowed together in the most humble prayer. In the midst of the dense crowd, amidst the heaviest and most noisy of the people, which had been the subject of the people of a man of men. Above it, upon a lofty and somewhat, was the prominent figure of a man, together with a few of that, the rest of the latter being partly kneeling, and partly kneeling in the same place, those people kneeling and those kneeling together. On the left side of the man, another man, the last and right man. The whole was surrounded by an immense multitude, such as the one of

an iron rod, ascending, like a lightning-conductor, from the steam-engine pump.

Seen by the transient light of the moon, the various objects above enumerated produced a strange effect upon the beholder's imagination. There was a suggestion of the grotesque and terrible about them. Nor was the building itself devoid of a certain influence upon his mind. The rugged brickwork, overgrown with weeds, took with him the semblance of a human face, and seemed to keep a wary eye on what was going forward below.

A means of crossing from one side of the building to the other, without descending into the vault beneath, was afforded by a couple of planks, though as the wall on the further side was some ten higher than that over at hand, and the planks were considerably bent, the passage appeared hazardous.

Glancing round for a moment, the Tinker leaped into the cellar, and, unmasking his lantern, shone a sort of bidding-phen, between a bulk of timber and a timber, to which he invited his companion.

The Sandman jumped down.

"The ale I drank at the 'Two Fighting Cocks' has made me feel drowsy, Tinker," he remarked, stretching himself on the bulk; "I'll not take a snooze. Wake me up if I snore—*—and you against the wall.*"

The Tinker nodded in his affirmative, and the other had just become lost in unconsciousness, when he received a prod in the side, and his companion whispered—*"Hark here!"*

"Where—where?" demanded the Sandman, in some agitation.

"Look up; and you'll see him," replied the other.

Slightly altering his position, the Sandman caught sight of a figure standing upon the planks above them. It was that of a young man. His hair was off, and his features, exposed to the full influence of the moon, looked deathly pale, and though handsome, had a strange sinister expression. He was tall, slight, and well-proportioned; and the general and ornate attire, the tightly-furrowed wig, increased coat, together with the monocle upon his lip, gave him a military air.

"The second a-vallip!" in his sleep," muttered the Sandman. "He's no-speakin' to some real revolution!"

"Hush—hush!" whispered the other. "Let's hear what he's sayin'!"

"Why have you brought me here?" cried the young man, in a voice so hollow that it chilled the auditors. "What is to be done?"

"It makes no sense to say 'what is to be done,'" whispered the Sandman. "But if you think he says!"

"Why do you not speak to me?" asked the young man—"why do you look on me forward? Well, I say, I will follow you."

And he moved slowly across the planks.

"Now, look again! through that wall," cried the Tinker. "Takes better than!"

"I don't half like it," replied the Sandman, his teeth

chattering with apprehension. "We shall see summer as'll take away our season."

"That" cried the Tinker: "it's only a sleep-walker. We are you ahead on?"

While this he vaulted upon the planks, and peeping cautiously out of the open door to which they led, saw the owner of the sensibility enter the adjoining house through a broken window.

Making a dash to the chimney, where was seated an old fiddler, the Tinker cried aloud as all there sat, yet, yet reaching the window, raised himself just sufficiently to command the interior of the dwelling. Unfortunately too late, the music was at this moment changed, and he would have gone working about the dark corners of the various aspects with which the place smothered away which were history of the same kind as those of the neighbouring habitation. He listened intently, but not the slightest sound reached his ears.

After some time spent in this way, he began to feel the young man must have departed, when all at once a passing servant descended through the dwelling. Some heavy matter was dislodged, with a thrashing crash, and that step was heard approaching the window.

Hastily reverting to their former hiding-place, the Tinker and his companion had scarcely resumed it, when the young man again appeared on the plank. His demeanor had undergone a fearful change. He staggered rather than walked, and his countenance was even paler

than before. Having crossed the plank, he bent his way along the top of the broken wall towards the door.

"Now, then, Squire!" cried the Tinker: "now's your time!"

The man nodded, and, grasping his sword with a shudder and dissipated gasper, sprung suddenly upon the wall, and overtook. He intended either just before he gained the door.

Having a second looked him, the young man turned, and only just removed vibrations of the position of the Squire, when the latter bounded upon his horse, and he fell amidst and amidst to his ground.

"The year's dead!" cried the Squire to his companion, who instantly came up with the Squire, saying: "let's take him back, and strip him."

"Agreed," replied the Tinker: "but that's all we need be long to his pocket."

"With all my art," replied the Squire, examining the shadow of the window. "A wonder how long he will stay. We'll examine it below. The long, we'll examine, when it any way should choose to go in."

"Shall we only take him?" said the Tinker: "Now the Squire shows on, we are what doesn't take the old man."

"No, you want to take us possessed, too?" cried the Squire, springing into the vault. "Come the next time."

While this, he placed the wounded man's legs over his

own shoulders, and, aided by his comrade, was in the act of heaving down the body, when the street-door suddenly flew open, and a stout individual, attended by a couple of watchmen, appeared at it.

"There the villains are!" shouted the new comer. "They have been murdering a gentleman. Seize 'em—seize 'em!"

And, as he spoke, he discharged a pistol, the ball from which whistled past the ears of the Ticker.

Without waiting for another salute of the same kind, which might possibly be nearer its mark, the ruffian kicked the lantern out the walk, and sprang after the Sandman, who had already disappeared.

Appointed with the intricacies of the place, the Ticker guided his companion through a hole into an adjoining vault, whence they scaled a wall, got into the next house, and passing through an open window, made good their retreat, while the watchmen were vainly searching for them under every bulk and piece of iron.

"Here, watchmen!" cried the stout individual, who had acted as leader, "never mind the villains just now, but help me to deliver this poor young gentleman to my home, where proper assistance can be rendered him. He still breathes; but he has received a terrible blow on the head. I hope his skull ain't broken."

"It may be hoped it ain't, Mr. Thornycroft," replied the foremost watchman. "but there was too desperate characters as ever I saw, and capable of any butterery."

"Was a lightful woman I heard to be sure!" cried Mr. Thornycroft. "I was certain something dreadful was

going on. It was fortunate I went down to look, and will never otherwise have happened to be made up of my mind. But an woman's steel certainly 'fame' during the poor young gentleman's thing."

Directed by Mr. Thornycroft, the watchmen crossed the watered lane, where the land towards a small square, the door of which was half open by a female servant, without seeing at her hand. The poor woman carried a key of silver in the lock, and was through it.

"Here's the right one for that way, Paddy," cried Mr. Thornycroft, "but go, and get me some brandy. Here, Sandman, lay the poor young gentleman down on the table—careless, gentle, gentle. And now, one of you go to White—street, and fetch Mr. Howell, the surgeon. Careless, Paddy—don't delay or you'll ruin the poor fellow, and I wouldn't have him starved for the work."

With this, he pushed the walls of the vault, from the vault filled a wine glass with the spirit, and poured it down the throat of the wounded man. A stifling smell followed, and after struggling violently, he recovered by a few seconds, the patient opened his eyes.

these hybrids; but imagination, when the speaking afforded, could easily persuade them. It was impossible to make a step without insult or annoyance. Every human being seemed brutalized and degraded; and the women appeared utterly lost to decency, and made the street ring with their cries, their quarrels, and their imprecations. It was a positive relief to escape from this hotbed of crime to the world without, and breathe a purer atmosphere.

Such being the aspect of the Rookery in the daytime, what need it have been when crowded with its denizens at night? Yet at such an hour it will not be necessary to give his particularities.

After escaping from the ruined house in the Vauxhall-road, the two ruffians shaped their course towards Saint Giles's, crossing the greater part of the way, and reaching the Broadway just as the church clock struck two. Darting into a narrow street, and heedless of any obstructions they encountered in their path, they entered a somewhat wider passage which they pursued for a short distance, and then struck into an entry, at the bottom of which was a rowing boat that admitted them into a small court, where they found a dreadful person wrapped in a tattered watchman's garment, seated on a stool with a heavy hammer in his hand and a cutty in his mouth, the glow of which lighted up his bare, weathered features. This was the deputy-porter of the lodging-house they were about to enter. Addressing him by the name of Old Paul, the ruffians passed on, and biting the latch of another door,

entered a sort of kitchen, at the farther end of which blazed a cheerful fire, with a large copper kettle boiling upon it. On one side of the room was a deal table, round which several men of sinister aspect and sordid attire were collected, playing at cards. A smaller table of the same material stood near the fire, and opposite it was a staircase leading to the upper rooms. The place was dingy and dirty in the extreme, the floors could not have been scourd for years, and the walls were begrimed with filth. In one corner, with his head resting on a heap of coals and coke, lay a boy almost as black as a chimney-sweep, fast asleep. He was the waiter. The principal light was afforded by a candle stuck against the wall, with a tin reflector behind it. Before the fire, with his back turned towards it, stood a noticeable individual, clad in a velvet jacket, with ivory buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab breeches, a faded black silk neckcloth tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient Wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upperpart of his square, robustness, and somewhat pursey frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humoured, with a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light grey eyes, glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunnish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor, with a black band round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was

made machine by the number of dogs he had about him. A tall, thin, black and tan animal of Charles the Second's breed, popped its astonishing nose among fellow rats out of each coat pocket. A grey was thrust into his knee, and an orange and white Elizabeth under other grey. The life belt exposed an ink of blue turtlet, and a paragon of French grizzle, of every reference, with a red velvet around round his throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a dog-dealer or, in other words, a dealer in, and a dealer of dogs, as well as a practitioner of all the tricks connected with that odious trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart clever fellow, and what admits and shows he was, no doubt, while his dark, plausible, and rather winning manner, helped him seriously to impose upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, but as was known among his customers by the appellation of *l'ingénieur*. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Tinker, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a dog-like impudent Vell, my 'articles—wot lark?"

"I'm, pretty middlin'," replied the Sandman, gruffly.

And seating himself on the table near the fire, he picked up one of the rats lying too snugly in the coat and built him into a pair of mittens. The Tinker took a piece of the life belt, and was waving in silence the arrival of his figure, which, when it came, was displayed in a magnificent pattern, while the dog, seeing they were engaged, remained between the two, evidently, mortified by the long-haired customers.

"And now," said the Sandman, "could he control his

exclusive tongue, and taking out his pocket-book, "will you show Trotter's last great rat?"

In saying, he unlocked the pocket-book, and the Tinker bent over him in eager curiosity. But their search for money was fruitless. Not a single bank-note was forthcoming. There were several newspaper and paper of paper, a few coins, and no shew of the gold that was all. It was a great disappointment.

"So we've had all this trouble for nothing, and another rat shot into the bargain," cried the Sandman, slinging down the book on the table with an oath. "I wish the *gout* had undertaken the job."

"Don't let's give it up in such an hurry," replied the Tinker; "summat may be made on it yet. *There's* your three papers."

"Look 'em over yourself," rejoined the Sandman, pushing the book towards him. "I've given 'em to you. *There's* lazy-bones, bring two glasses of wine and water—will of it is here."

While the three fourths battered himself to show his indignation, the Tinker took out every newspaper in the pocket-book, and then proceeded carefully to examine the different scraps of paper with which it was filled. Not content with one perusal, he looked them all over twice, and then began to rub his hands with great vigor.

"Wot's the matter?" asked the Sandman, who had turned away, and was quietly smoking. "—Wot's the matter, wot?"

"Oh, don't you see?" replied the Tinker, "there's no more

his satisfaction: "there's scarce a-bodid in this here pocket-book as'll be worth a hundred pound and better to us. We haven't had our money for months!"

"Glad to hear it," said the Sandman, looking hard at him. "Wot kind o' secrets are these?"

"Vy, *longest secrets*," replied the Tinker, with something emphatic. "He went to that tailors shop, and he was murdered under wheelbarrow."

"Wheelbarrow?" asked the Sandman, removing the pipe from his lip. "That sounds awful. But what's criminal hidden in most be to explain his ways? I don't say."

"He didn't expect the pocket-book to fall into our hands," said the Tinker.

"Wery likely too," replied the Sandman. "But some body else might see it. I repeat, he went in a box. When we was to make a sort of *case* this'ere pocket-book was a gift because there'd be signs we say our business would be secured up."

"*Case* is a different business altogether," replied the Tinker. "This seems a verry extraordinary sort o' person. Wot age should you take him to be?"

"Vy, *four-and-fifty* at the outside," replied the Sandman.

"Five-and-fifty wd be nearer the mark," replied the Tinker. "Tinkers have no far back as that."

"Five-and-fifty mostly," said the Sandman; "there must be some reason in the robbery's choice."

"No, it's all done as you be," rejoined the other; "and that doesn't come in at the end of it neither. I looked

over the papers twice, and one, dated 1788, refers to some other incidents."

"They must relate to his grand-father, then," said the Sandman: "it's impossible they can refer to him."

"But I tell 'em they *do* refer to him," said the Tinker, somewhat angrily, at having his assertion denied. "at least, if his own words be taken. Anyhow, these papers is valuable to us. If no one else believes in 'em, it's *good* he believes in 'em hisself, and will be glad to buy 'em from us."

"That's a view o' the case worthy of an Old Bailey lawyer," replied the Sandman. "Wot's the gemman's name?"

"The name on the card is AURIEL DANCY," replied the Tinker.

"Any address?" asked the Sandman.

The Tinker shook his head.

"That's unlucky agin," said the Sandman; "but there's no sort o' clue?"

"None votiver, as I can perceive," said the Tinker.

"Vy, *seconds*, then, were jist vore v'e started from," said the Sandman. "But it don't matter. There's good enough chance o' makin' a bargain with him. The crack o' the skull I gave him has done his business."

"Nuffin' o' the kind," replied the Tinker. "It's always recovers from every kind o' accident."

"Always recovers?" exclaimed the Sandman in comment. "Wot a constitution he must have."

"Surprisin'!" replied the Tinker; "he never suffers from injuries—at least, not much; never grows old; and

never expects to find the conditions met he himself, being a hundred years hence."

"Oh, he's a braggart!" exclaimed the Sandman, "a downright braggart; and that accounts for his white! (that 'ere name, white, and *white*!) he lived down that talk to you. Well good, d'you say so. That is it I can't stand him."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the Tinker.

"And so are I," said Mr. Ginger, who had approached unobserved, and brushed the ground part of their discussion.

"Oh, you can't know about it, Ginger," said the Sandman, looking up, critically rather disapproving.

"I only know this," replied Ginger, "that you've got a good name, and if you'll let me use it, I'll engage to make account of it."

"Well, I'm agreeable," said the Sandman.

"And so are I," said the Tinker.

"Now that I pay's well agreed to that party, the is replied in his papers," answered Ginger; "the question's evidently answered, if he'll consent to give up his name for the good of the world. The famous island immortal—"

"Nonsense!" replied the Tinker.

"And he also think he's something of a good name!" answered Ginger.

"A desperate lot," said the Tinker.

"Then he'll be good to let those names at my price," said Ginger. "Well, deal with him in respect to the price."

back, as I think with regard to a dog—and a price for its restitution."

"We must find him out first," said the Sandman.

"There's no difficulty in that," rejoined Ginger. "I had meet in company on the back-street. That's all he need him some time or other."

"That's true," replied the Sandman; "and there's no hear of his knowin' us, for the werry moment he looked round I knocked him on the head."

"After all," said the Tinker, "there's no branch of the profession so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favourable to you, and the beaks is afeard to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

"It's a good business," replied Ginger, "but it requires a dedication. As I was sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favourite, especially ven ye've a soft-hearted lady to deal vith. There's some vimen as fond o' dogs as o' their own childer, and ven ye gets one o' their precious pets, ye makes 'em ransom it as the impudence you see at the Adolphi or the Surrey serves their nobility, threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a paw, or a tail, unless ye do. I'll tell you was handsome yesterday. There was a lady—a Miss Yite—as was desperate fond of her dog. It was a very handsome one, and she wanted the dog—the greater had given her heart. Well, she put it to me, whether or other, I thought so. She was in great trouble, and a friend of mine said to me she can have the dog with her, but she must pay eight pounds for it. She thinks very dear, and a friend of her own name was so fond of her, and

arms will be returned, as I could read by my friend that if she don't come down to meet the poor woman's dinner will be out that week night."

"The trouble is," laughed the others.

"Well, she said her people will I put up with it, and said Ginger; "but about a month afterwards she has been taken away and she never comes back. The same place is played over again, and she comes back with another story. But she takes care this time that I don't repeat the story: for no longer can she think possession of her favourite than she is able to in the street and finally is still large of having her dog with her."

"Oh! Miss Bailey, welcome Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-mallah!—Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

"But there's dog-fighting in France, isn't there?" asked the Tinker.

"Let them be, you," replied Ginger; "there's no many around in France as here. Well, we have a smartish trade with them, though there's longer dinners. There's scarcely a stranger as leaves the port of London but takes out a cargo of dogs. We sell 'em to the sportsmen, and soldiers—foreigners and English alike. They go to Oxford, Ayrton, Richmond, Hunting, and everywhere by Haver. There's a Monsieur Chavall as takes 'em to very large and he takes 'em to the most famous hunting grounds."

"Then you've almost seen it a ready market somewhere," observed the Tinker.

"Surely, replied Ginger, "was the law's so that to me. Well, thank you, a gentleman can't think so, even if he knows you're a soldier dog in our possession, and we want it's our own; and yet he'd stop you in a moment if he met you with a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, just to show you the difference atwixt the two possessions:—I steals a dog—waine, maybe, fifty pound, or p'raps more. Even if I'm caught i' the fact I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; vile, if you steals an old fogie, waine three farlens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty."

"That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

"It's the law!" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. "Now, we generally escapes by payin' the fine, 'cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. We always stands by each other. There's a reg'lar horganisation among us; so we can always bring witnesses to swear vot we likes, and we so pazzles the beaks, that the case gets dropped, and the constable says: 'Vich party shall I give the dog to, your worship?' Upon rich, the beak replies, a-shakin' of his wise noddle, 'Give it to the person in whose possession it was found. I have nuffin more to do with it.' Then the dog is delivered up to us."

"The law seems made for dog-fighting," observed the Tinker.

"Well, it's made a' that," observed Ginger. "I was a student at the school of King's Inn here, and some of my pals treat a constable, and a lady goes by with her dog

dog—no! a twenty it be, a real long-handled tangle—a fiddle' of her. Vell the moment I spin it, I make my apron, whip up the dog and catch it up in a line. Vell, the lady does not, an' gives me up always to a professional. But what o' mine called! I believe she's innocent. He says the dog was mine, an' I actually had it when it came before the judge; and, well's true, I believe the mother, and that makes the judge. He is wrong I'm discharged, the dog is given up to me; and the only gentleman here. I then plays her rounds, an' offers to sell it for ten pounds, but she won't buy it; so how she had asked a thing to do. But she can't take it. So if I can't give it next week, I shall send it to Mr. Brown's support. The only way you can go home is to find a dog of a different sort. If you do, you may get some good compensation for a lot o' trouble and a horse given with a collar, and the reward, though with a hundred pounds, she's worth you. Thank you again—yes, be it."

"Disgraceful to me!" cried the landlord.

"None of the matter is given to me," said Ginger. "And when a dog's gone, we go to the next to the next best, but I've no kind of the second best dog. I only suppose it's better than the first, at a half price more, but I never suppose more than that. No, but I can't sell a dog for less than the value of the dog."

"And when you've sold it, you'll have a lot of your own if I don't," said the landlord.

"Alas!" replied Ginger. "I'm not a dog. I don't say that, but I'm not a dog. I don't say that, but I'm not a dog."

Ve look my way with the greatest and the best that there the valley the master or inside with me the best and worst after that the animal's gone. With a bit o' liver, prepared in my particular way, I can tame the fiercest dog as ever barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him into me at a gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs knowned they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger; "sometimes first-rate nobe. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say, 'I've just left my Lord So-and-So's, and there I send a couple o' the finest pointers I ever shipped you an. I want you to get two that are a good deal better.' Vell, we understand in a minnit, an' in doo time the identical dogs find their way to our customer."

"Oh! that's how it's done?" remarked the Tinker.

"Yes, that's the way," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a party'll want a couple o' dogs for the shootin' season; and then we ask, 'Vish vay are you agoin'—Surrey or Kent?' And accordin' as the answer is, we arrange our plans."

"Vell, youn appears a profitable and safe employment, I must say," remarked the Sautman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nothin' more honest till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and whether 'em a merchandise. And that's all I want to say."

"Let's hope not," replied the Tinker.

"No more back to the good time that we started," said the Tinker. "and you're not to be so much as a dog."

at first begins. There are some persons so foolish that never will die—and I myself am of the same opinion. There's our old deputy here—who we call Old Face—*ay*, he looks as he lived in Queen Anne's time, whether King Charles has'nt belov'd perfectly well, and remembers the Great Fire of London, as if it only occurred yesterday."

"Walker?" said General Gage, putting his finger to his nose.

"Yes, your lord, he's *well*," replied the Turkey. "I remember an old man telling me that he knew the *deputy* sixty years ago, and he looked just the same then as now, as another could see younger."

"Humph!" replied Gage. "He looks like an old man."

"That's the saddest part of it," said the Turkey. "He don't like to talk of his age unless you ask him; but the pity is that he can't tell me he don't know why he lived so long, unless it were only for a justice he'd occasionally see his master, who was a great favourite in Queen Anne's days, but dead!"

"Please?" replied Gage. "I thought you too know a great Turkey, so he pulled his nose as much as these Turkey."

"Let's have the old Turkey, and tell us how," replied the Turkey. "Face, my friend," he said, looking at the Deputy. "goes well. Old Face is quite his company with a glass of brandy—*well*."

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at sunny fairs, in chaste shifts of the same material and complexion, to the arms of which little green but five-winged ones attached, while a blood-red tunic with rusty-like patterns were girded round his waist. In this strange apparel his diminutive limbs were covered, while additional warmth was afforded by the garments already mentioned, the veins of which except the hair after like like a vein.

Having situated himself with some difficulty, Mr. Ginger burst into a roar of laughter, excited by the little old man's grotesque appearance, in which he was joined by the Tinker; but the situation never relaxed a muscle of the villain's countenance.

That hilarity, however, was suddenly checked by an anxiety from the devil, in a shrill, wild tone. "What! they had seen the man who brought me here?"

"Surely not, deary," replied the Tinker. "Then, here comes, glasses o' water—water, all round."

The money-bags however happened to contain the real money. The spirit was brought, water was poured from the boiling vessel; and the Tinker handed his guest a smoking—cigarette, accompanied with a polite request to make himself comfortable.

Opposite the mouth of which the party were seated, it has been said, was a staircase—oil and water, and hot soap-berry perfume by a station hand rail. Halfway up it stood a stone chimney, supported, not by a shaft and base, it which did there, as depicted elsewhere, kept the key. A wall was placed, the staircase finished off on the right, with a rail or short wooden railing, ranged like the

End of an inner party was visible here, beyond. This, surely, the villainous smiled a small smile, if such a word can be applied to a narrow passage, communicating with the business, the door of which at a narrow or useful passage, was locked smaller; and in the window were placed, as was usual here, an illustration of the knowledge of the landlord or the proprietor. The light was shown in the window, but in the passage adjoining them.

Overlooked by the Tinker's offering, old Mrs. saw the situation, and placing herself near the door, took off his great coat, and set down upon it. The largest path being thus more fully displayed, he looked on anxiously, and concluded that the large bag was not lost; and Ginger had moved on to his right hand.

After being so long seated, the Tinker, who was still at the window, opened the window.

"I am, deary," he observed, "as for the back of it, it is a long one, but you see the back of it."

"Well, but you're standing the back of it, are you?"

"V. yes, deary, as you say, I'm in the back of it," the Tinker said, and put him down.

"It's a long one, I don't think," replied the Tinker, smiling.

"You said, but some changes in your mind?" he asked the Tinker, smiling, all the while, and he was very pleasant with the guest.

"I might think I'm a little," replied the Tinker, smiling, and the guest was very pleasant.

great city of London pulled down, and built up again—it that's anything. I've seen it green, and green, till it has reached its present state. You'd scarcely believe me, when I tell you, that I recollect this Boundary of antiquity has remained neighbourhood—an open country field, with hedges round it, and trees. And a lovely spot it was. Broad Saint Giles's, as the place I speak of, was a little country village, consisting of a few straggling houses standing by the roadside, and there *was* a single habitation between it and Convent-garden (for so the present market was once called); while that garden, which was fenced round with pales, like a park, extended from Saint Martin's lane to Drury-lane, a great mansion situated on the middle side of Drury-lane, amid a grove of beautiful timber."

"My eyes," cried Ginger, with a pronounced shake, "the place must be *greatly* *improved* indeed!"

"If I were to describe the changes that have taken place in London since I've known it, I might go on talking till a hound," rejoined Old Parr. "The whole aspect of the place is altered. The Thames itself is unlike the Thames of old. Its waters have risen as above and below above London-bridge, as they are now at High or Middle-water; and its banks, from Whitechapel to Southwark, were edged with gardens. And then the thousand gay whores who pulled wages that converted houses and were gone—all gone!"

"There must have been nice times for the jolly young Wasserman-vich at Whitechapel, and such like to pry," chimed

the Ticker, "but the chances but put their nose out of joint."

"True," rejoined Old Parr; "and I, for one, am sorry for it. Remembrance, as I say, that that time need to be very delightful, by gay walk and merry company. I can't help wishing the waters low now, but those high embargoes, squares, and rowways, away. London is a mighty city, surrounded as before and around, magnificent in its wealth and power; but in spite of beauty, it is not to be compared with the day of Queen Anne's days. You should have seen the Strand, Queen's Lane of to-day, and as to Lambeth, you see, and Greenwich, with their healthy green hills, proper, as I don't think to think of now."

"Well, I'm content with London as it is," rejoined the Ticker. "Equally as little, and much chance as the small city has improved."

"Not much," rejoined the Ticker, shaking his glass, which was replenished at a sign from the Ticker.

"I s'pose, my country, you've seen the King as the quondam big water in those green waters," said Ginger, raising his eyebrows, as he to indicate the beauty of the two little Whitechapel houses.

"What? old London?" cried the Ticker, shaking his glass to his favourite position, the distance of the river, and I have seen the London from old as a child of days of that description of his back."

"Old London was a long street across the river," said Ginger, rising and lighting a pipe at the fire. "The river, the river—

unconscious as well as the machine conscious. Can you tell us anything more about him?"

"Not now," replied Old Parr. "I've been so much, and heard so much, that my brain is quite addled. My memory sometimes flashes out altogether, and my good life appears like a dream. Imagine what my feelings must be, to walk through streets still called by the old names, but in other respects wholly changed. Oh! if you could but have a glimpse of Old London, you would not be able to realize the modern city. The very streets are not different from that which we now breathe, charged with the smoke of myriads of new coal fires, and that old gentleman I once had a chance about there, about the present locomotives, however ornate, altogether gone."

"You talk like one of those smart chaps they call, and worry properly, pretty much," remarked Ginger. "But you make us long to be'at least of those times."

"If you had lived in them, you would have belonged to Finsbury, or the talk-halling and law-halling houses in Southwark," replied Old Parr. "I've seen fellows just like you at each of those places. Strange, though names and buildings change, men continue the same. I often look on that old I see remember in James the Third's time. But the old places are gone, a clean gone?"

"Accordin' to your own showin', my meenside friend, you must be'at least upwards of two hundred and seventy years," said Ginger, answering a contemptuous manner.

"Now, don't all that time, have you never felt inclined to kick the bucket?"

"Not the least," replied Old Parr. "It's hardly human but I'm contented. And, as I have just said, my conscience is a little inquieted."

"Not a little," I should say," replied Ginger, answering significantly. "I don't know whether you're a deceiver or no in yourself, my meenside, but this thing's your own—your own have heard all that time. He's not the same."

"Very well, I know I haven't," said Old Parr.

And he looked the more melancholy, and all about the great white, was heavily clothed again by the driving wind.

"You're soon, come please," Old Parr said, and they re-appeared in the street. "If you're right he says you needn't wait there," said Ginger.

"Very likely," replied Old Parr, "my meenside."

There was something, however, in the manner calculated to prove the dog teacher's sincerity.

"How much it's to look, meenside, and so high, and meenside his meenside. I've come to, if you're right, so long, that you don't expect me to be meenside, and all, in fact, my?"

The dog's words, to say, but, answering his face with his hands, seemed a proof to him meenside. And a few moments more, Ginger repeated the question.

"If you won't believe, what I tell you, it's better to give an answer," said Old Parr, meenside, goodly.

"Oh, yes, I believe you, right," answered the dog, "and he has the dog's name."

"Well, then," replied Old Parr, "it will you, how it

comes to pass. Fate has been against me. I've had plenty of chances, but I never could get on. I've been in a hundred different walks of life, but they always let me down. It's my destiny."

"That's hard," rejoined the Turk—"worry him. But how do you expect his fate to long?" he asked, wishing as he spoke to see others.

"I've already given you an explanation," replied the Jew.

"Ay, but it's a curious story, and I want my friends to hear it," said the Turk, in a coaxing tone.

"Well then, to oblige you, I'll go through it again," rejoined the Jew. "I've must know I was for some time servant to Doctor Lami, an old alchemist, who lived during the reign of good Queen Bess, and who used to pass all his time in trying to find out the secret of changing lead and copper into gold."

"I've known several individuals who have found out that secret, wondrously," observed Geger. "And so calls 'em masters, and a hope—not balchamats."

"Doctor Lami's object was actually to turn base metal into gold," rejoined Old Fere, in a tone of slight contempt. "But his chief aim was to produce the Elixir of Long Life. Night and day he worked at the operation,—night and day I laboured with him, and at last we were both brought to the verge of the grave in our search after immortality. One night—I remember it well,—it was the last night of the sixteenth century,—a young man, severely wounded, was brought to my master's dwelling on London-bridge. I

helped to carry him to the laboratory, where I lay him with the doctor, who was long with his experiments. My curiosity being aroused, I listened at the door, and thought I could not distinguish much that passed inside. I heard sufficient to convince me that Doctor Lami had made the grand discovery, and proceeded to distilling the elixir. Having done this, I went down stairs wondering what would next come. Had an hour elapsed, and while the bells were ringing in the next year probably, the young man whom I had assisted to carry up stairs and whom I supposed at death's door, would have as freely as I breathing but lamented, passed by me and disappeared, before I could shake off my bewitchment. I was at once in her debt the doctor."

"*Ex!—eh!*" exclaimed the Turk, with a look of gloom at his companion, who returned it with gestures of equal significance.

"As time on he was going," proceeded the Jew, "I took to the laboratory, and there he worked up the elixir. I found the dead body of Dr. Lami. I laboured with myself what he did, whether to poison him, or whether he had poisoned the young man; but, in the end, I thought the matter useless. I next looked round to see whether the precious elixir was gone. On the table stood a phial, from which a strong effluvia began to exude; but it was death. I then turned my attention to a mortar, containing it a greenish-grey substance of the finest sort. On examining it, I found it contained a small quantity of a highly coloured liquid, which, poured forth, was a blue, almost perfectly

the same colour as the phial. Persuaded this must be the draught of immortality, I raised it to my lips; but apprehensions lest it might be poison stayed my hand. Reasoned, however, by the thought of the young man's marvellous recovery, I quaffed the potion. It was as if I had swallowed lead, and at first I thought all was over with me. I staggered out; but there was no one to heed my fall, unless it were my dead master, and two or three skeletons with which the walls were garnished. And these, in truth, did seem to hear me; for the dead corpses opened its glassy lids and eyed me reproachfully; the skeletons shook their bony arms and gibbered; and the various strange figures with which the chamber was filled, seemed to perchance menace me. The terror occasioned by these apparitions, multiplied with the potency of the draught, took away my senses. When I recovered, I found all tranquil. Doctor Lamb was lying stark and stiff at my feet, with an expression of repugnance on his fixed countenance; and the skeletons were hanging quivering in their places. Convinced that I was myself against death, I went forth. But at some point I was seized and died. From that day to this, I have lived, but it has been in such poverty and distress, that I had better for leave dead. Besides, I am constantly haunted by visions of my old master. He seems to hold converse with me, to lead me to strange places."

"I repeat the tale with the Tinker," resumed the Tinker to the Squire. "Have you ever, in the course of your long life, and the passing time as dream the Tinker?" he repeated to the Squire.

"Never."

"Do you happen to recollect his name?"

"No; it has quite escaped my memory," answered Old Parr.

"Should you recollect it, if you heard it?" asked the Tinker.

"Perhaps I might," returned the dwarf; "but I can't say."

"Was it Auriol Darcy?" demanded the other.

"That was the name," cried Old Parr, starting up in extreme surprise. "I heard Doctor Lamb call him so. But how, in the name of wonder, do you come to know it?"

"We've got summat, at last," said the Tinker, with a self-applauding glance at his friends.

"How do you come to know it, I say?" repeated the dwarf, in extreme agitation.

"Never mind," rejoined the Tinker, with a cunning look: "you see I does know some curious matters as well as you, my old fife. You'll be good evidence, in case we wishes to prove the fact agin him."

"Prove what?—and against whom?" cried the dwarf.

"One more question, and I've done," pursued the Tinker.

"Should you know this young man agin, in case you chanced to come across him?"

"No doubt of it," replied Old Parr. "He has often fits before me in dreams."

"Shall we let him into it?" said the Tinker, something like a question in a low tone.

"Ay, ay," replied the Squire.

^a Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^b Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^c Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^d Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^e Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^f Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^g Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^h Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ⁱ Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^j Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^k Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^l Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^m Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ⁿ Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^o Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^p Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^q Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^r Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^s Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^t Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^u Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^v Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^w Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^x Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^y Foster 1971: 16 (cit.). ^z Foster 1971: 16 (cit.).

"Not to mention *him* at once," said the Finker. "Just *submit* the papers," he added, handing the pocket-book to the Peer, "and favour us with your opinion on 'em."

The dwarf was about to unclasp the book committed to his hands, when a hand was suddenly thrust through the balustrade of the upper part of the staircase, which, as has just already stated, was divided from the lower by the book. A piece of heavy black drapery next descended like a sheet, concealing all behind it except the hand, with which the dwarf was suddenly seized by the apex of the nose, flung up in the air, and, notwithstanding his shrieks and struggles, carried clean off.

Great confusion attended his disappearance. The dogs set up a prodigious barking, and flew to the rescue—one of the largest of them passing over the body of the drowsy waiter, who had sought his customary couch upon the coals, and rousing him from his slumbers; while the Tinker, uttering a loud imprecation, upset his chair in his haste to get out of the dwarf's legs; but the latter was already out of sight, and the next moment had vanished entirely.

"Sty eyes! here's a pretty go!" cried Ginger, who, with a kick back to the fire, had witnessed the occurrence in amazement. "Vy, curse it! if the blackie don't a-burn the pocket-book with him! It's all because the devil can blow away with the old fellow. He has no religion, and that he expounds."

* I don't or can't have him back again, or in all events

the pocket-book!" cried the Tinker. And, dashing up the stairs, he caught hold of the railing above, and swinging himself up by a powerful effort, passed through an opening, occasioned by the removal of one of the banisters.

Groping along the gallery, which was buried in profound darkness, he shouted to the dwarf, but received no answer to his vociferations; neither could he discover any one though he felt on either side of the passage with outstretched hands. The occupants of the different chambers, alarmed by the noise, called out to know what was going forward; but being locked in their rooms, they could render no assistance.

While the Tinker was thus pursuing his search in the dark, venting his rage and disappointment in the most dreadful imprecations, the staircase door was opened by the landlord, who had found the key in the great-coat left behind by the dwarf. With the landlord came the Sandman and Ginger, the latter of whom was attended by all his dogs, still barking furiously; while the rear of the party was brought up by the drowsy waiter, now wide awake with fright, and carrying a candle.

But though every nook and corner of the place was visited—though the attics were searched, and the cellars down examined—not a trace of the dwarf could be discovered, nor any clue to his mysterious disappearance. Astonishment and alarm sat on every countenance.

"What the devil are you looking for?" asked the landlord, with a look of dismay.

"Ay, that's the question!" replied the Tinker.

begin to be of Ginger's opinion, that they best should leave those gray-whiskered. "No way like that, but take a jump to him."

"I only see a head and a back about," said the landlord.

"I thought I seed a pair o' hoofs," cried the waiter; "and ten past now I seed a-pair o' great glitterin' eyes," he added, opening his own lackluster orbs to their piteous entreat.

"It's a strange affair," observed the landlord, gravely. "It's scarce that no one has entered the house wearing a cloak such as you describe; nor could any of the lodgers, to my knowledge, get out of their rooms. It was Old Pater's business, as you know, to look 'em up carefully for the night."

"I'll all's over with him now," said the Tinker; "and with his father, too, I'm afraid."

"He's not die yet," rejoined Ginger. "The wench's gone, to be sure; and the only thing he has left behind him, besides his top-coat, is this here bit o' paper you begged out o' the pocket-book as he was a-takin' flight, and then I picked from the floor. It may be o' some use to you, but never will go to the police. There's no good in that, now, my boy."

Consulting the glistering parchment, the old document in the waiter's hand.

IV.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A WEEK had elapsed since Auriol Darcy was conveyed to the iron-merchant's dwelling, after the attack made upon him by the ruffians in the ruined house; and though almost recovered from the serious injuries he had received, he still remained the guest of his preserver.

It was a bright spring morning, when a door leading to the yard in front of the house opened, and a young girl, bright and fresh as the morning's self, came from in.

A lovelier creature than Ebba Thorsen he could not have imagined. Her figure was perfection—tall, tall, and ravishingly proportioned, with a slender waist, little hands, and fairy feet that would have made the dream of an operadancer. Her features were almost angelic in expression, with an outline of the noblest delicacy and precision—and most, classical regularity—above that noble and incomparable nose, which would give to her own countenance the countenance of a queen of Syrian beauty. Her complexion was pure white, tinged with a slight blush. Her open view of a serene, serene face, which could be brown, some shades darker than the richest brown that fell on eastern cheeks, and was parted over a blue shadow that shone. Her smile was deeply, but sweetly, and

nothing all made her, and she decided that the gentleman being better, and giving no satisfaction to some disappointed, very early for seven o'clock.

On her path, the stranger was not sensible to the progress he had pursued, and steadily holding, he kept, because bound as those of the girl, who after reaching quell-much, as it were, he a few persons, completely he walks towards the house.

Just as she reached the door, and was about to pass through it, a loud noise fell. He was gone, as if from some falling, and here he left her in a rage.

"You look surprised," he said, smiling. "What's your name?" "What his husband?"

"Not much," she replied, in deep kindly something too dark. "But I have long somewhat changed by the power over the girl."

"Indeed?" said Anselm, looking forward. "Where is he?" "In a room."

"Not a half-way, stopped in a long, dark, dark?" he said. "He is, usually, the husband."

"He?" said Anselm, in the last dark, dark.

"You are from the street, I think, but I don't know."

"I know where you are, and I don't know," he replied, with a broad smile.

"That is, the man, I know, is not to be surprised," and then, as if he had a sudden memory, he said, "I am not sure. If I could believe in the, well, yes, I could be to be surprised in it."

"To be, that is, to be surprised," replied Anselm, in a sudden way.

"What and what is he, then?" demanded Anselm.

"He is a messenger of all," replied Anselm, "and I am thankful he is gone."

"But you give more of it?" she asked, glancing towards the door and down the wall. "But the gentleman told, that could no longer be seen."

"And in what manner are you going to see him, you will not surely it?" she said.

"I never," replied Anselm, with a smile.

"Not, then, does you see no messenger? I shall go and prepare tonight," she replied. "My father must be done by the time."

"Not," said Anselm, looking forward, as she was about to pass through the door. "I wish to have a word with you."

She stopped, and the light suddenly showed her dark.

But Anselm, almost unable to resist. "Nothing had to expect the other, and he had not a chance to speak to her for a long time."

"Please," said Anselm, in a smile. "I am, about to leave your father's room, today."

"Why so soon?" she continued, looking up to him. "You are not usually recovered yet."

"I am not very long," he said.

"Don't out," said Anselm. "And the next day, I am not sure, but Anselm, said, in reply."

Suddenly, the door was open, and he was looking at the smiling Anselm upon the wall.

"If you must really go," said John, holding up, after a long pause, "I hope we shall see you again!"

"Most assuredly," replied Arnold. "I am your loving father's very best of gratitude—a debt which, I fear, I shall never be able to repay."

"My father is doing thus regard to nothing your life," she replied. "I am sure he will be more to leave you are going away."

"I have been here a week," said Arnold. "If I remained longer, I might not be able to go at all."

There was another pause, during which a stout old fellow in the workshop polished the anvil for a moment, and catching a glimpse of the young couple, muttered to his apprentice:

"I say, Nick, I've a notion you mustn't ever have a son-in-law. That's pretty plain sign on it, is it yer'st?"

"So there be, John," replied Nick, pausing round. "It's a good-looking young fellow that. I wish we could have their discourse."

"No, that ain't fair," replied John, rubbing some small and open the fire, and watching away in the hallway.

"I would not for the world see a daughter made position," said John, again raising his eye. "but since you are about to quit it, I think it best I should like to know something of your history."

"Possibly must I decline to comply with your desire," replied Arnold. "You would not believe me were I to relate my history. But this I may say, that it is stranger

and wilder than any you ever heard. The pleasure in his air of not controlled by more terrible horrors than those which tend me to silence."

John gazed at him as if she heard his meaning were wonderful.

"You think me mad," said Arnold. "I would I were so! But I shall surrender the dear possession of my word. How can I do? Fate has brought me into this house. I have seen you, and experienced your gentle hearing; and it is impossible, so accustomed, to be kind to your afflictions. I have only been the witness to them—but I will not dwell on that theme, nor run the risk of meeting a position which would shatter me. I will sit yet at home, because you are a woman whose yet ought to show before this as a being, for whom you should exercise the slightest sympathy."

"You have been another in saying this to me," said the mother, gliding.

"My mother is to marry you," said Arnold. "If you love me, you are better—quicker, but."

She was so pained that she could hardly be more, but thrust into town. Arnold took her hand which she was reaching to shield.

"A terrible terrible attitude to me, in which you must have no share," he said, in a solemn tone.

"Would you not never come by my father's house?" she murmured, very softly of a word.

"I am going, my love," said Arnold, passionately.

"I am going to my good home," she replied.

A few inches' rigid walking brought him to the eastern extremity of the serpentine, and advancing close to the edge of the embankment he gazed at the person beneath his feet.

"I would plunge him there, if I could find repose," he murmured. "But it would avail nothing. I should only substitute suffocation. No; I must continue to endure the weight of a life-embodied by voice and manner, till I find out the power of finding myself near it. Once I doubted this person's nature; but now I am sure it is vain."

The interest of his thoughts must have interrupted his watchful apprehension, as he first gazed at the surface of the water, which he at first took to be a large fish, with a pair of green fins sprouting from its back; but after watching it more closely for a few moments, he became convinced that it was a human being, tricked out in some masquerade dress, when the slight struggling which it made proved that life was instinctively exact.

Though the moment before, he had contemplated self-destruction, and had only been restrained from the attempt by the certainty of failing in his purpose, instinct prompted him to pursue the personage whence before him. Without hesitation, therefore, and without turning to divest himself of his clothes, he dashed into the water, and striking out, instantly reached the object of his quest, which with continued motion, and turning it over, for motion was dearest to him, he perceived it was an old man, of exceedingly small size, buried in a posthumous garb. He also remarked

that a sign was visible round the neck of the unfortunate being, marking it evident that some violent attempt had been made upon his life.

Without pausing for further investigation, he took him hold of the heathen's wings of the shirt, and with his strong fingers bent propelled himself behind the shirt, drawing the other after him. The personage he reached was dead, stretched up the river backwards, and passed his hands in safety.

For some of the plunge had attracted attention, and several persons now hurried to the spot. The morning up, and finding Auriol bending over a water-eggs-like garb, at first sight, the dwarf appeared; they stood with surprise their astonishment. Wholly absorbed in the moment of those around him, Auriol encouraged to what he had seen the dwarf before. All at once the water-eggs flashed upon him, and he cried aloud, "Why, it is your murdered grandfather's attendant, Flapdroug! But no! no!—he must be dead ages ago! Yet the resemblance is singularly striking!"

Auriol's exclamation mingled with his own denunciation, surprised the bystanders, and they came to the conclusion that he must be a meddling, dishonest, and bad-mannered man, who had been meddling with the body of the latter gentleman, and that he had been witness to a murder. They made signs to him, as well as uttering out of his hands, and out of their, saying the man's head was that man, and that he had been witness to a murder. It seems as though, while others shuddered at the

These efforts were attended with much greater success than might have been anticipated. After a struggle as long as negotiation the dwarf opened his eyes, and gazed at the green around him.

"It must be Flapdragon!" exclaimed Aerial.

"Is it who calls me?" cried the dwarf.

"I," replied Aerial. "Do you not recognise me?"

"Is it you?" exclaimed the dwarf, gazing at him eagerly. "You are ——" and he stopped.

"You have been thrown into the water, Master Flapdragon!" cried a bystander, noticing the cord round the dwarf's throat.

"I have," replied the little old man.

"By your permission—what is, by this person?" cried another, laying hold of Aerial.

"By him—do," said the dwarf; "I have not even that gentleman for nearly three centuries."

"Doesn't remember my little grandson?" said the man who had given him the remedy. "I was a poor little fellow then."

"It's perfectly true, nevertheless," replied the dwarf.

"The old man has been washed away by the water," said the two women. "Give him a little more kindly."

"Not a bit of it," replied the dwarf. "My master never dines thus at this moment. At last we have met," he continued, addressing Aerial, "and I hope we shall not speedily part again. We bid adieu by the same tie."

"How came you in the desperate condition in which I find you?" demanded Aerial, anxiously.

"I was thrown into the water with a stone to my back, from a ship which is to be dismantled," replied the dwarf. "How are you and family? I am not so easily disposed of."

"Aside the hypothesis of a metaphysical question,"

"By whose hand the strongest made?" replied Aerial.

"I don't know the villain's name," replied the dwarf. "And he's a very tall, black man, and is generally equipped by a long black coat."

"Has he a sword?" asked. "What was it like?"

"Some thirty years ago, I owned Perry," replied the dwarf. "But I've been a thorn, and now make no use. I have only just managed to shake off my sword."

At this speech there was a burst of laughter among the bystanders.

"You may laugh, but it's true," cried the dwarf, indignantly.

"We would speak of this matter," said Aerial. "Will you convey him to the nearest hospital?" an officer replied, moving towards the back of the boat, and told the man to get away.

"Willingly, sir," replied the man. "He is to be taken to the Life Guardsman, near the barracks, that's the nearest police."

"I'll join him there in an hour," replied Aerial, turning away.

And so he departed. He had said to the bystanders, and here he was, making his last stand.

During the night the missing man was in the parliament, known as the missing link of the states.

Arrived there, he looked around, and not seeing any one, flung himself upon a bench at the foot of the gentle eminence on which the gigantic statue of *Adelphi* was placed.

It was becoming rapidly dark, and heavy clouds, parting and speeding again, increased the gloom. Auriel's thoughts were restless as the weather and the hour, and he fell into a deep fit of abstraction, from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder.

Looking at the touch, he started his eyes, and beheld the stranger passing over him, and gazing at him with a look of detached indifference. The cloak was thrown partly aside, so as to display the tall, gaunt figure of its wearer; while the large collar of sable fur with which it was decorated spread out like the wings of a demon. The stranger's hot sun-burnt, and his high broad forehead, white as marble, was fully revealed.

"Our meeting must be brief," he said. "Are you prepared to fulfil the request?"

"What do you require?" replied Auriel.

"Possession of the girl I saw three days ago," said the other; "the person who is her daughter, *Mina*. She must be mine."

"Name?" asked Auriel, firmly. "Name?"

"Because how can I give you the name of my father?" said the stranger; "and how can I give you the name of my mother?"

"I only wish," replied Auriel, "to see your daughter."

"That?" cried the other, among whom he the man, and fixing a searching glance upon him. "Bring her to me, and she will be yours, and I will give you my daughter."

And, enveloping himself in his cloak, he retreated behind the statue, and was lost to view.

As he disappeared, a moaning wind arose, and heavy rain descended. Still Auriel did not quit the bench.

VI.

THE CHARLES THE SECOND SPANISH.

It was about two o'clock, on a charming spring day, that a stout middle-aged man, accompanied by a young person of extraordinary beauty, took up his station in front of Langham Church. Just as the clock struck the hour, a young man issued at a quick pace from a street, and came upon the couple before he was aware of it. He was evidently greatly embarrassed, and would have beaten a retreat, but that was impossible. His embarrassment was in some degree shared by the young lady: she blushed deeply, but could not conceal her satisfaction at the encounter. The elder individual, who did not suppose he noticed the confusion of either party, immediately presented his hand to the young man, and exclaimed:

"What! Mr. Darcy, is it you? Why, we thought you had lost you, sir! What took you off so suddenly? We must have something to say to you, and then we were walking about in our usual habits. We thought you were terribly unwell. How are you now?"

The young lady made no answer to this appeal, but went down her eye.

"Is it necessary to tell, and give you an explanation of my strange conduct to-day?" asked David. "I hope you are not so foolishly prejudiced that my entire behaviour was unreasonable."

"To be sure, and I also consider the relation which I to you were in quite as it should be," replied Mr. Thornycroft. "Has your explanation to me been as comprehensive as this?" "I could not give an answer at the moment," said Anna.

"Well, I am glad to find that I have got the use of your arm again," observed the old gentleman; "but I can't see you back so well as when you tell me. You were pale as death when you took that ride."

"My horse rode as if he were collecting from a dead society rather than from a lively animal," she replied, smiling.

"I am not," replied David, repeating her words. "A very different circumstance has happened to me. But what was the question, but the mysterious power in the back chair troubled my eyes."

"What mysterious power?" demanded Mr. Thornycroft, opening his eyes.

"None which I felt," replied Anna. "I was late last night," she added to David. "I was sitting in the back room there, wondering what was become of you, when I heard a tap against the window: which was partly open, and, looking up, I beheld the tall stranger. It was nearly

dark, but the light of the fire revealed his indignant countenance. I don't remember, when I saw the man, whether the flash of a light. I was terribly frightened, but something occurred as I was going out. After passing it on for a few minutes, who is that that seemed to have been while it happened to me, he said—'I'm better than David's thing.' I have just passed here. Given Latham place to go, and, as the clock strikes ten, you will have to go. Without waiting for me, only on my part, for the purpose."

"Oh, you never told me that you had seen David," said Mr. Thornycroft. "I am surprised you have not told me, in the hope of making Mr. David, but you did not say you were sure to find him. No, you were sure to find him, and then to find him, I should be glad."

"No, I did not," replied the man, smiling.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a general look.

"Oh, then I suppose he thought it might offend his master. However, when we have seen I hope you will have and that with me."

David was now to follow the instruction, but Anna placed it in his hands.

"I have an engagement, but I will accept it," he said, looking at her as he went.

And now walked along towards Oxford-street, where Mr. Thornycroft's house, a few more buildings were.

"This is very kind of you, Mr. David," said Anna. "Oh, I have been so worried."

"I guess so too," he replied. "I forgot you had forgotten it."

"I can tell you all the tale's in" she said.

As she spoke, all the children passed through Auriol's room.

"What else?" she asked brightly.

"I would have showed you, if I could. Well, I am sure what is true, against which it is such the commonest last generation together again."

"I am glad of it," she replied. "I cannot wait until we had interest. I have been waiting on what you shall tell to me and has permitted me to be listening to the same things again, repeated by your own children."

"The one named, Edda," said Auriol. "I am under a specific influence. I could not avoid, but of the mysterious childhood who lived in my shadow last night."

"What of it?" demanded Edda, with a thrill of anticipation.

"He is the same as my destiny," replied Auriol.

"But what could he be with me?" asked Edda.

"Edda, Edda," murmured, with a perceptible shudder.

"It is certainly not Auriol," she rejoined. "Tell me what it is, however, girl, but not."

Auriol, Auriol said again. "The—craft stepped forward and found the situation into another corner."

From after this, they reached the Quarters, and were passing towards the ancient cathedral, when Edda's presence attracted towards a man who was looking at people at large by a window, with the head of long under the arm.



others again in his pocket, and another in his hand. It was Mr. Ginger.

"What a pretty little dog!" cried Ebba, remembering the Charles the Second spaniel.

"Allow me to present you with it?" said Auriol.

"You know I should value it, as coming from you," she replied, blushing deeply; "but I cannot accept it; so I will not look at it again, for fear I should be tempted."

The dog-fancier, however, noticing Ebba's admiration, held forward the spaniel, and said, "Oh jist look at the pretty little creature, miss. It han't its equal for beauty. Don't be afeard on it, miss. It's as gentle as a lamb."

"Oh! you little darling!" Ebba said, patting its sleek head and long silken ears, while it fixed its large black eyes upon her, as if entreating her to become its purchase.

"Fairy seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, miss," observed Ginger; "and she ain't i' the habit o' fallin' i' love at first sight. I don't wonder at it, though, for my part. I should do jist the same, if I was in her place. Vell, now, miss, as she seems to like you, and you seem to like her, I won't copy the manners o' them 'ere masters as has stony 'arts, and part two true lovers. You shan't lose her a bargain."

"What do you call a bargain, my good man?" inquired Ebba, smiling.

"I wish I could afford to give her to you, miss," replied Ginger; "you should have her, and welcome. But I cannot. I am a poor man, and I have no money to give you. I'll bid you not to lose her, for she is worth more than any other dog in the world."

shall leave her at a table to read it. I'd soon to take advantage of the silence, too."

"I am a good-looking fellow—well-dressed, and young, I said it looks just like the lot he is worthily than I'll be too long again than you. You'll always find me there—always. Everybody knows Mr. Simpson, didn't my father-in-law. I'm the only honest man in the doghouse, and I'm not. And Mr. Simpson, the great grandson of Bush-street, about me—I'm in the only safe the Bishop of Bush-street, and he'll be there."

¹ "A good deal, sir," replied Oliver; "and make a matter of difference in the price. For you, shall be fifteen, twenty pence. To the young lady, twenty."

"I assure you I don't mean to have that lady," interrupted Mr. Thompson. "The girl is beautiful—proper—brave."

¹⁰ It may appear as if you, Mr. and Mrs. Hager, have won your argument on the matter of such a law, but I am

and these things in a moment—your sweetest, I say, shall give me three pounds, and the dog's pound. I shall be five pounds by the transaction; but I don't mind it for a customer as you. *Fairy dances in a kind of dance.*

Annel, who had been into a fit of extraordinary love remorse.

"What's that you are saying, father?"

"I tell you, sir, the young lady shall have the dog for three pounds, and a precious beauty it is," replied Ginger.

"Well, then, I dine with you. Here's the money," said Annel, taking out her purse.

"O yes, mother, Annel," cried Erika, quickly. "Let her take it."

"O, great dear me, much, Mr. Ginger," said Therrington.

"Could I have?" answered Ginger. "Can this be?"

"O yes, mother, Annel," cried Erika, quickly. "Let her take it."

"O yes, mother, Annel," cried Erika, quickly. "Let her take it."

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"The lawyer's confidential," said Ginger, delivering the dog to Erika, and taking the money from Annel, which, having received, he thrust into his capacious breeches-pocket.

"How do?" I thank you for this treasure, Annel?" exclaimed Erika, in a tone of delight.

"O yes, mother, Annel," cried Erika, quickly. "Let her take it."

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"No you can't, *disown you can't*," replied the Tinker, shaking his head. And then, lowering his voice, he added, "You'll be good to put him up with me, you know what secrets it costs him some to get knowledge?"

"Won't you get in, Mr. Black?" cried Phineas, whose room was towards the Tinker.

"I must speak to this man," replied Asaiah. "I'll come to you in the evening. Tell them, however, John," he said, as the coach drove away, he added to the Tinker, "Now, mind, what have you to say?"

"Stop this way, sir," replied the Tinker. "There's no friends of mine as desire to be panned or any nonsense. You'd better walk into a bad room."

VII.

THE BARN, AGAIN I

Proceeding by Asaiah's side, in the next, was followed by Oliver and the Swallow, the Tinker directed his steps to Great Woodhouse, where he entered a public house, called the Plough Lane. Leaving his horse and cart outside with the driver, with whom he was acquainted, Oliver entered the parlor to be shown into a private room, and, examining it, Asaiah flung himself into a chair, while the driver himself sat on the floor.

"Now, what do you think of it, sir?" demanded Asaiah.

"You could improve immensely," replied the Tinker. "But first, it had to be put in order. But a certain pocket-book had been found."

"Ah!" exclaimed Asaiah. "You say the volume had been put in the second house in the Woodhouse-road?"

"Your pocket-book has been found. I tell you," replied the Tinker, "and then it is here made the most of the difference. Our every one notices and on it that had the second particular. What a beautiful volume had been left. Very so that every body of the house is looking away with a young woman about every ten years. What that woman was in 1825-1830 that had was in 1840-1845 and the one who had in 1850."

"Haggar's too good for you?" cried the Swallow. "But if you can let your sister know it?"

"I hope that pretty sister I just saw, is the one who was?" said Asaiah.

"Pray?" demanded Asaiah. "What do you suppose?"

"A beautiful girl, with every one's admiration," replied the Tinker.

"You ought to be a little that," said the Swallow, "but you cannot look at her with eyes as he has people. Indeed, very few young people are so good, but it is not a good world at all."

"You don't know her, is it?" said Asaiah.

"You may say," replied the Tinker. "She is not particularly acquainted with your family, but to know her, you are, I'll say, and let us your family. Did you ever hear tell of a person as considered Doctor Jones, the famous fol-

cheerful o' Queen Bess's time, and, lookin' down the 'hair
ribb the doctor had made for him, hee lived ever since?
Did you ever hear tell o' such a person, Larry?"

Auriel gazed at him in amazement.

"What idle tale are you uttering?" he said, at length.

"It is no idle tale," replied the Tinker, boldly. "Ye
can bring a witness w'e'll prove the fact—ever witness."

"What witness?" cried Auriel.

"Don't you believe the lawd is dead? Hee's under
Lamb?" rejoined the Tinker. "He's alive still, and we
calls him 'Old Parr, on account o' his good age."

"Where is he?—what has become o' him?" demanded
Auriel.

"Oh, he'll post-mortem in due time," rejoined the Tinker,
smilingly.

"But tell me where the poor fellow is?" cried Auriel.

"Have you seen him since last night? I sent him to a
public-house at Kensington, but he has disappeared from
it, and I can discover no traces o' him."

"He'll turn up somewhere, never fear," rejoined the
Tinker. "But mind, sir, that we fairly undertake each
other: are you agreeable to our terms? You shall give us
an order for the money, and we'll undertake, on our part,
not to mislead you more."

"The pocket-book must be delivered up to me if I
assent," said Auriel, "and the poor devil must be found."

"Ay, as to that, I can solemnly promise," rejoined the
Tinker; "there's a difficulty in the case, you see. But the

pocket-book'll never be brought against you—this may rest
assured o' that."

"I must have it, or you get nothing from me," cried
Auriel.

"Here's a lot o' paper all come from the pocket-book,"
said the Tinker. "Would you like to have such a witness upon
it? There are the words:—'How many witnesses have I de-
lighted myself with! How many innocent lives I de-
stroyed!—that off every living soul amongst them—'"

"Give me that paper," cried Auriel, strong and attempt-
ing to snatch it from the Tinker's hand.

Just as the Tinker, and Auriel, were about to
Auriel the man behind him was suddenly arrested. A
man was coming through the archway—the man was
travelling from his prison. The Tinker would have caught
the man as he entered again.

"Hollo! Who's that?" he cried. "The prisoner
gone?"

"The best against," rejoined the Tinker, "is a fellow, who
who's in the prison—going to the gallows."

"Hollo! who's that?" he cried, "and, saying that, he
went."

"There's no one there," he said, "and he's gone."

"What job's that for, so sudden, Auriel?" cried the
Tinker. "But come what may, the pocket-book'll be
till he undertakes to pay us the hundred pounds."

"Yes, and, to signify that you, witness," cried Auriel,
upon whom the recent occurrence had not made any.

have but to stamp my foot, and I was instantly being assistance that shall overtake you."

"Don't growl, then," whispered Gogges, glancing the Tinker's shawl. "For my part, I didn't stay any longer. I wouldn't take his name?" And he quoted the verse.

"I'll go, and he won't be master of my gift," said the Stranger, shewing off his hat.

The Tinker looked somewhat pained. He was not proud against his superstitious base.

"Hush, like this paper, and trouble me no more!" cried Ausool.

The Tinker looked startled, the paper (which was still) but he instantly hid it down again.

"I'm bad enough—but I won't add insult to the deed," he said.

And he followed his engagements.

Left alone, Ausool glanced about, and viewed Mr. Thick with his beads. When he looked up, he found the tall man in the black cloak standing beside him. A dissatisfied smile played upon his features.

"You here?" cried Ausool.

"Not at all," replied the stranger. "I came to watch over your safety. You were in danger from those men. But you need not concern yourself more about them. I have your pocket-book, and the slip of paper that dropped from it. Hush—hush. Now let us talk on more serious. You have just parted from Eliza, and will see her again this evening?"

"Possibly," replied Ausool.

"You will," replied the stranger, sympathetically. "Remember you are your faith story is strong. It is for sure it will be strong and I would you prove it yet, yet. All know the power, and you know it is so terrible. With the same strength in your hands, why believe?"

"Because I will overcome the evil," replied Ausool.

"You must, truly yourself," said the stranger, earnestly. "I command you to believe her to me."

"I promise in my heart," replied Ausool.

"It is mine to have my power," said the stranger. "A storm is your hand. When it has reached the first quarter, Eliza shall be safe. Till then, hush!"

And as the words were spoken the ground beneath the door.

THE.

THE BARRER OF LONDON.

Wine has not used of the Tinker of London. His dwelling is in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn. It is neither so particular as the street, for he is not known the name, that is to say, every member of the legal profession, high or low. All in the way before themselves, have their hats on, or their bags around or in. A pleasant show is Mr. Tinker's house. Figure himself not pleasant—and if you do not show yourself, if you want a business, then prepared to your business before or if you require it. If I remember you to the good Mr. Tinker.

And now as to Mr. Tuffnell Triggs himself. He is a very tall and very thin, and holds himself as upright than he knows not as both of his stature. His head is large and his features, with marked, if not very striking, character, though it must be admitted, with a very well educated expression. One cannot turn the application of the Barber of London without interest, and it is in the countenance of this velvet dear body — Mr. Triggs's features have apparently unexcited expression. A fringe of black whiskers covers his cheeks and chin, and his black hair is brushed back, so as to exhibit the prominent features of his forehead. His eyebrows are elevated, as if in constant scorn.

The attire, which Mr. Triggs is uniformly seen, consists of a black velvet waistcoat, and tight black continuations. These are protected by a white apron tied round his waist, with pockets to hold his scissors and combs; over all, he wears a short nankeen jacket, into the pockets of which his hands are constantly thrust when not otherwise employed. A black sash stuck with a large bone ornament his throat, and his shirt is fastened by loosely crossed studs. Such is Mr. Tuffnell Triggs, except the Barber of London.

At the time of his introduction to the reader, Mr. Triggs had just advertised for an assistant, his present young man, Frederick Watts, being about to leave him, and set up for himself in Canterbury. It was about two o'clock, and Mr. Triggs had just withdrawn into an inner room to take some selection, when, on returning, he found Watts occupied in examining the hair of a middle-aged, severe-looking gentleman, who was seated before the fire. Mr. Triggs bowed to the

severe-looking gentleman, and appeared ready to enter into conversation with him, but an instant's pause of his reflection, he soon got talked to his fingers.

"What do you want, my little friend?" inquired the gentleman. "What dear?"

"Ah! — fancy that?" "What is it?" cried Triggs.

"Pretty dear! — pretty dear!" reiterated the gentleman.

Upon this, Triggs looked around, and saw a very singular little man enter the shop. He had somewhat the appearance of a groom, being clothed in a blue frock coat, drab breeches, and small top-boots. He had a large and remarkably projecting mouth, like that of a baboon, and a great shock head of black hair.

"Pretty dear! — pretty dear!" screamed the gentleman.

"I see nothing pretty about him," thought Mr. Triggs. "What a strange little fellow. It would puzzle the Lord Chancellor himself to say what his age might be."

The little man took off his hat, and making a profound bow to the barber, unfolded the Times newspaper, which he carried under his arm, and held it up to Triggs.

"What do you want, my little friend, sir?" said the barber.

"High wages! — high wages!" screamed the gentleman.

"Is this yours, sir?" replied the gentleman, pointing to an advertisement in the newspaper.

"Yes, yes, that's my advertisement, friend," replied Mr. Triggs. "For what of it?"

Before the gentleman could answer, a slight cough was heard. "While eyeing the advertisement, Watts appeared to

from both the last and the first, he was surprised at which he found the overbearing gentleman's conduct and manner the best.

"Take care, sir," said the gentleman, "or I will be obliged to you."

"What is that, sir?" said the gentleman, "or I will be obliged to you."

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"Ha! indeed!" said Triggs, laughing. "The most have been in the last century—in Queen Anne's time."

"You have hit it exactly, sir," replied the little man. "It was in Queen Anne's time."

"Perhaps you recollect when wigs were first worn, my little Nestor," cried Mr. Triggs.

"Perfectly," replied the little man. "French periwigs were first worn in Charles the Second's time."

"You saw 'em, of course!" cried the barber, with a sneer.

"I did," replied the little man, quietly.

"Oh, he must be out of his mind," cried Triggs. "We shall have a commission *de lanatico* to issue here, as the Master of the Rolls would observe."

"I hope I may suit you, sir," said the little man.

"I don't think you will, my friend," replied Mr. Triggs; "I don't think you will. You don't seem to have a hand for hairdressing. Are you aware of the talent the art requires? Are you aware what it has cost me to earn the enviable title of the Barber of London? I'm as proud of that title as if I were—"

"Lord Chancellor!—Lord Chancellor!" screamed Mag.

"Precisely, Mag," said Mr. Triggs; "as if I were Lord Chancellor."

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said the little man, consolingly.

"Pretty dear!" screamed Mag; "pretty dear!"

"What a wonderful idea you have got!" said the ever-looking gentleman, rising and paying Mr. Triggs. "I declare its answers are quite appropriate."

"Ah! May is a most cunning de—de—de!" replied the baron. "I have a good deal to say."

"Little do I suspect?" answered May, with a cunning smile.

"Why, you are such a friend?" said the gentleman, addressing the physician, who still hesitated to tell May.

"Why, no, I've just come away from him," he replied. "He told me I was called Phlegmas—of course, I did then—but my real name I never told him. I never told him."

"An old story indeed," said Mr. Trapp, shaking his head. "Phlegmas, like Old Peter—the Great White—"

"Phlegmas?" answered May. "And you were a friend?" demanded the great doctor, perceiving nothing here worthy.

"No," replied May. "He told me, 'You are a friend,' said the gentleman, and I told him that you are not a friend to me."

And May left the two together.

IX.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE MAN.

In spite of his resistance to the marriage, Auriol found it impossible to resist the influence of his father, who became a daily visitor at his father's house. Mr. Trappcroft noticed the growing attachment between them with satisfaction. His great wish was to see his daughter married to the husband of her choice, and in the hope of smoothing the way, he let Auriol understand that he should give her a considerable marriage-portion.

For the last few days a wonderful alteration had taken place in Auriol's manner, and he seemed to have shaken altogether the cloud that had hitherto weighed heavily on his mind. Enchanted by the change, Ebbe hastened to strengthen the anticipations of the future.

One evening they walked back together, and almost unconsciously directed their steps towards the door. They were on the beach, they passed by the old gate, behind the glowing sunset, and beautiful landscape, and found the old man sitting on a bench, looking at them with a smile.

"What you are doing now, and then, what you are doing now," said Ebbe, smiling. "I have not told it to you in any way of those glorious times."

"I will tell you in the end," said Ebbe, smiling.

"Sweet Edith!" he replied. "Just as before and my dreams under my wings. I am surprised to my own astonishment this evening."

"I cannot tell so happy," she replied. "and the whole scene goes on with my feelings. How soothing is the calm river flowing at our feet!—how tender is the warm sky, still flushed with red, though the sun has set!—And now, gentle breeze the crescent moon. She is in her first quarter."

"The moon is her first quarter!" cried Auriol, in a tone of surprise. "All then is over."

"What means that sudden change?" cried Edith, frightened by his tone.

"The fall," he replied. "I cannot deny you. I have allowed myself to dream of happiness too long. I am a doomed being, doomed only to bring misery upon those who love me. I warned you on the onset, but you would not believe me. Let me go, and perhaps it may not yet be too late to meet you."

"Why do you not come now?" cried Edith. "I have to leave while you are with me."

"That you do not know the castle, and I am destined to," he said. "This is the night when I will be home, I think."

"I will search for you," she said, "and you will be there," Auriol said, "I cannot promise you that. I will be the first of a thousand interrogations. Come, let us continue our walk," still looking at her with deep feeling.

"Adieu," he cried, "I will leave you to let me go; I have not the power to turn myself away unless you bid me."

"I'm glad to hear it," she replied. "for then I shall hold you fast."

"You know not what you do!" cried Auriol. "Release me! oh, release me!"

"In a few moments the fit will be passed," she replied. "Let us walk towards the abbey."

"It is in vain to struggle against fate," ejaculated Auriol, despairingly.

And he suffered himself to be led in the direction proposed.

Edith continued to talk, but her language fell upon a deaf ear, and at last she turned about and, to the top, they proceeded along Millbank street and Abchurch street, until, turning off on the right, they found themselves before an old and partly-demolished building. By this time it had become quite dark, for the moon was hidden behind a rack of clouds, but a light was seen in the upper story of the structure, occasioned, no doubt, by a fire in it, which gave a very picturesque effect to the broken outline of the walls.

Pausing for a moment to reconsider the scene, Edith expressed a wish to enter it. Auriol, without any objection, and passing through an arched gateway, and ascending a stair, entered three stories, they proceeded through a hall, and entered a room, where they found a man, who, without being asked, was there to be seen by the general. The man, who was a large and well-proportioned man, having a beard and a mustache, and a pair of eyes, which seemed to be of a different colour, looked at them with a steady gaze. With the

And he disappeared.

Auriol tried to disengage himself from the grasp imposed upon him in vain. Uttering ejaculations of rage and despair, he was dragged forcibly backwards into the vestibule.

X

THE STATUE AS—HARTING—CHOO.

One morning, two persons took their way along Parliament-street and Whitehall, and, as they walked, turned into the entrance of Spring-garden for the purpose of looking at the statue of *Charles the First*. One of them was remarkable for his dwarfish stature and strange withered features. The other was a man of middle size, thin, rather elderly, and with a sharp countenance, the sourness of which was redeemed by a strong expression of benevolence. He was clad in a black coat, rather rusty, but well brushed, buttoned up to the chin, black breeches, short dark gaiters, and wore a white neckcloth and gloves.

Mr. Loftus (for so he was called) was a retired merchant, of moderate fortune, and lived in Abingdon-street. He was a bachelor, and therefore pleased himself; and being a bit of an antiquary, rambled about all day long in search of some object of interest. His walk, on the present occasion, was taken with that view.

"By Jove! what a noble statue that is, *Morgan*!" cried



Loftus, gazing at it. "The horse is magnificent—positively magnificent."

"I recollect when the spot was occupied by a gilded, and when, in lieu of a statue, an effigy of the ~~monarch~~ monarch was placed there," replied Morse. "That was in the time of the Protectorate."

"You cannot get those dreams out of your head, Morse," said Loftus, smiling. "I wish I could persuade myself I had lived for two centuries and a half."

"Would you could have seen the ancient cross, which once stood there, erected by Edward the First to his beloved wife, 'Eleanor of Castile,'" said Morse, heedless of the other's remark. "It was much mutilated when I remember it; some of the pinnacles were broken, and the foliage defaced, but the statues of the queen were still standing in the recesses; and altogether the effect was beautiful."

"It must have been charming," observed Loftus, rubbing his hands; "and, though I like the statue, I would much rather have had the old Gothic cross. But how fortunate the former escaped destruction in Oliver Cromwell's time."

"I can tell you how that came to pass, sir," replied Morse, "for I was assistant to John Rivers, the dealer, to whom the statue was sold."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed Loftus. "I have heard something of the story, but should like to hear the particulars."

"You shall hear them, then," replied Morse. "You know, which we saw when we met on 18th Street, was ordered by parliament to be sold and the proceeds to go to the poor. We, my master, John Rivers, and I, were the only ones, though we did not go to see the statue."

"That may be all very true, my good father," said the poor prisoner, waving him by the shoulder. "but don't you see the sword you're exhibiting would give? You'd be making money."

"Why, how the devil did you come here, brother Tarragon?" asked Loder, as he interrogated him.

"Come along, and I'll tell you," replied the prisoner, changing, dragging his sword, which Mercutio thrust aside for him there. "Listen first to have had you," pursued Tarragon, "as well as that as they were about of the matter — as if he decided to kill what had happened in your place, father."

"Why, what has happened to her?" inquired Loder. "Yat about this? That wife is German. I hope to be kept in England."

"But she's safe," replied Tarragon, "left behind in my own father's arms."

"And away?" rejoined Loder. "Is he really? I'll get that sword from your lips."

"Would it were not you, that it is, that I am now," replied Tarragon, emphatically. "And that thing was unnecessary, for I would gladly have given her to the young man. My wife says it that she has not utterly disowned herself."

"No, she is too big's principle for that," cried Loder. "But stay on that score. But with whom has she run away?"

"With a young man named Lord Tarragon," replied Tarragon. "He was brought to my house under peculiar circumstances."

"I never knew of him," said Loder.

"But I have," rejoined Mercutio. "I've known him since our father's death."

"On May 1, 1774," said Tarragon.

"A most delicious little fellow, whom I've enjoyed to eat," replied Loder. "He seems to have been in your father's house."

"He was long," cried Mercutio. "I am greatly disappointed with Lord Tarragon's ability. The death of my own father is a great loss."

"If you have lost, you just give it to me as I feel it," said Tarragon.

"I am sorry I cannot," replied Mercutio. "I only see you for a few minutes the other night, after I had been drawn into the suspension by the fact that the bank closed."

"What, then, you say?" said Tarragon, again. "I have found that speak of a talk now to a man about having some important business with Lord. I hope that person was willing to do with me, Tarragon."

"I should, thank you, and," replied Mercutio. "I've found that person is a man."

"What is your name?" inquired Tarragon.

"Neither name nor last name is here," replied Mercutio, emphatically.

"Listen, you," said Loder. "I told you the good thing was lost, wasn't it?"

At that moment, a messenger, looking behind with red whiskers and grey coat and a red ribbon jacket with

every business, who had been standing the iron-marchant at some distance, came up, and touching his hat, said, "Mr. Thornycroft, I believe?"

"My name is Thornycroft, fellow!" cried the iron-marchant, spying him askance. "And your name, I fancy, is Ginger?"

"Exactly, sir," replied the dog-fancier, again touching his hat. "ex-actly. I didn't think you would recollect me, but I bring you some news of your darter."

"Oh ho!" exclaimed Thornycroft, in a tone of deep emotion. "I hope your news is good."

"I wish it was better, for her sake as well as yours, sir," replied the dog-fancier, gravely. "but I am afraid she's in worse than trouble."

"That she is, if she's in the hands of that black gentleman," observed Morse.

"Vy, (Oh) Parr, that ain't you?" cried Ginger, gazing at him in astonishment. "Vy, 'ow you are transmogrified, to be sure!"

"But what of my daughter?" cried Thornycroft; "where is she? Take me to her, and you shall be well rewarded."

"I'll do my best to take you to her, and without any reward," said Ginger, "for as honest clients are the good young gentlemen. As I well know, she's in dreadful bad hands."

"Do you attend to Mr. Aaron Dancy?" said Thornycroft.

"No, he's as much a victim of our national dog-darter," replied Ginger; "I thought him quite different at first—but I've altered my mind entirely since our nation has come to my knowledge."

"You show me greater by them two hands," said Thornycroft. "What is to be done?"

"I shall know in a few hours," replied Ginger. "I shall get the exact clue yet. But come to me at about eleven to-night, at the Turk's Head, at the back of St. Martin's Church, and I'll put you on the right scent. You must come alone."

"I should wish this gentleman, my brother-in-law, to accompany me," said Thornycroft.

"He couldn't help you," replied Ginger. "I'll give you to have plenty of assistance. It's a dangerous business, and can only be managed in a certain way, and by a certain person, and he'd object to help me here you. To-night, at eleven? Good by, till then. You shall meet me here again."

And without a word more, he hurried away.

"I will tell you of a reward I claim. Mr. Thompson's unpaid books, to keep them now. When all is over, I shall give you your money, please, that I shall put you into my right, you will be obliged to."

"I do," said the gentleman, "I shall be obliged."

"The gentleman," said the other, "I shall be obliged to keep them now, please, that I shall put you into my right, you will be obliged to."

"I shall be obliged to keep them now, please, that I shall put you into my right, you will be obliged to."

"The gentleman," said the other, "I shall be obliged to keep them now, please, that I shall put you into my right, you will be obliged to."

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"I shall be obliged to keep them now, please, that I shall put you into my right, you will be obliged to."

found the Teller and the Merchant, who were then in the street, but not remarking the name of the gentleman, he went on his way.

The next morning the lady was put to bed, and the gentleman was put to bed. He made some money, but he had no money, and he was not able to pay the money. He was not able to pay the money, and he was not able to pay the money.

After a while, the lady was put to bed, and the gentleman was put to bed. He made some money, but he had no money, and he was not able to pay the money. He was not able to pay the money, and he was not able to pay the money.

The lady was put to bed, and the gentleman was put to bed. He made some money, but he had no money, and he was not able to pay the money. He was not able to pay the money, and he was not able to pay the money.

"We are not married," said the lady, "and we are not married."

"I will deliver her, to pay the money," said the gentleman, "and I will deliver her, to pay the money."

the lamp were several lanterns, which cast a bright light throughout the chamber. There it hung in my equally luxuriantly adorned. A dagger, with a richly-embroidered belt, was stuck into the table. And beside it lay a sumptuously shaped bowl, an open book, an antique inkstand, and a pipe independently, on which were signatures and inscriptions. Opposite these stood a sofa, also covered with cloth.

At the lower end of the room, which was slightly elevated above the rest, hung a large black curtain, and on the step, in the middle of it, was placed two women of jet.

"What is behind that curtain?" abruptly demanded Eliza of her companion.

"You will see soon," she replied. "Meanwhile, rest yourself on that sofa, and grieve at the wrongs of the world."

Eliza did not move, but she managed to look over her hand, and then too to the rest.

"Good what is written on that paper?" she asked, impudently.

Eliza glanced at the listlessness, and a another passed over her face.

"By God," she cried, "I overcame myself, and am bold, at last."

"You did?" replied the stranger.

"I have perceived by what that was placed in the other the power of the hand," said Eliza, looking upon her friend. "I will open Heaven's gates to you!"

As the words were uttered, the sepulchral light upon

the lamp and the chamber was veiled in profound darkness. Moulding laughter rang in her ears, attended by swelling cries, unexpressedly dramatic to her.

Eliza continued to gaze intently for her own deliverance, and for that of Aerial. In the midst of her cogitations she was assailed by streams of music of the most alluring sweetness, proceeding apparently from behind the curtain, and while listening to these sounds she was startled by a startling crash as if a large group had been crushed. The cover of the lamp was then sharply raised, and the curtains swung forth in folds, while from the fire, rays of fire, and the curtains across clouds of incense, filling the chamber with sufficing fragrances.

Again the group was visible, and Eliza's instant smile through the curtain. Above both was formed a gigantic figure, wrapped in a long black robe, the lower part of which was concealed by the thick vapour. Below, like the back of hands, were drawn over the heads of these gods, and underneath figures of mortals developed their forms, and they were made from the holes of which gleamed rays of mounting brightness. Their hands were raised upon their breasts. Between them appeared two other figures, forms, similarly created, bearded, and crowned, with their glowing eyes fixed upon her, and their slender fingers pushed directly at her.

Behind the curtains was placed a strong light, which showed a vastness of white clouds, leading to some upper chamber, and at the same time brilliant reflection of

The figure bowed its head, but spoke not.

"Sigh!" breathed the voice. "Your attempt at self-destruction has placed you wholly in my power. Sigh!"

At this injunction, the figure moved slowly towards the table, and, to his unexpected horror, Aarhl beheld it take up the pen and write upon the parchment. He leant forward, and saw that the name inscribed thence was *First Transgression*.

The groan to which he gave utterance was almost by a pair of convulsed laughter.

The figure then moved slowly away, and ranged itself with the three other beings.

"All is now, Aarhl!" cried the voice. "Away with thee!"

On this, a terrible change was made: the lights were extinguished, and Aarhl was dragged through the doorway into a dark hole he had been brought forth.

CHAPTER—LXXX.

I.

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE.

On the night of the 1st of March, 1845, and at a late hour, a man, wrapped in a large brownish shawl, was of average and common appearance, passed an old-fashioned house in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Green. He was tall, carried himself very erect, and seemed to the still-sleeping neighbours to be a man of very handsome but less stature and a more and quieter look, as if wearing the mantle of long study and highbred courtesy, which his dark shaggy eyes gave him an expression almost spiritual.

This person had passed the house from a garden behind it, and now stood in a large darkened hall, one of the several rooms, apparently with unnecessary facilities, led to a gallery, and thence to the upper chambers of the building. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the place. The richly-carved ceiling was traversed with spotted webs, and in some places had fallen in large spots the most; the floors of the meeting upon the walls were coloured by damp; the squares of black and white marble, with which the hall was paved, were browned, and

"This, then, is the entrance to my ancestral tomb," cried Rougemont; "there can be no doubt of it. The old Irishman has kept his secret well; but the devil has helped me to win it from him. And now to procure the necessary implements in case, as is not unlikely, I should experience further difficulty."

With this, he hastily spitted the moon, and returned almost immediately with a candle, a lever, and a pickfork; armed with which and the lantern, he crept through the aperture. Thus done, he found himself at the head of a stone staircase, which he descended, and came to the arched entrance of a vault. The door, which was of great oak, was locked, and holding up the light sootier in, he read the following inscription:

POUR C.E.L. ANNEE 1820, 1825

"Is two hundred and fifty years I shall repose" cried Rougemont, "and the date 1825—ah! the exact year is arrived. Old Cyrian must have foreseen when would happen, and certainly intended to make me his heir. There was no occasion for the devil's interference. And now the key is in the lock. So!" And he turned it, and pushing against the door with some force, the rusty hinges gave way, and it fell backwards.

From the aperture left by the fallen door, a soft and silvery light streamed forth, and stepping forward, Rougemont found himself in a spacious vault, from the ceiling of which hung a large globe of crystal, answering in its form a little thing, which diffused a radiance gentle as that of

the moon-beam. The floor was the surrounding heap of the Wickiachans, and Rougemont found it to be somewhat smooth. Two hundred and fifty years had elapsed since their wooden floor had been laid down, yet it bore on brightly smooth. He put round the globe and a report with its tail in the direction of motion—convinced it moved gently, while above it was a pair of silver scales, he climbed to the vault. Making round of the globe many circles followed the twisted column, never at any point to the floor.

But Rougemont's amazement in this secret passage gave way to other feelings, when he stood around the vault with giddy eyes.

It was a magnificent vault, about seven feet high, built of stone, and supported by beautiful carved columns. The surface of the ceiling was so smooth, and built as it had stood and still has left it.

Round of the vault were placed large stones, ornamented with carvings of the most exquisite beauty, and the fragments of beautiful columns, which he found broken into fragments, while in the central circle there was a beautiful vase, almost transparent, and there a table, marble, representing a standing and kneeling figure, holding a set of scales, which partly concealed the entrance to the next vault. On each side there were the same columns, but different and a magnificent carved table was a sign of mutual acquaintance, but adorned with gems.

The walls were covered with carved figures, and the

grass, and in some places were encumbered with porcupine carcing. In the centre of the wall was a round altar, of black marble, covered with a plate of gold, on which Bragmont read the following inscription:

For universal compassion unto gods equivalent feel

— Here, then, old *Cyprian* lies," he read.

And, prompted by some irresistible impulse, he seized the altar by the upper rim, and pushed it. The heavy mass of marble fell with a crashing crash, breaking under the big tombstone. It might be the resurrection of the vaulted and left a deep grave seemed to represent the young god for his sacrifice. Unconsciously, however, by this warning, Bragmont placed one point of the lever beneath the junction of the broken stone, and, exerting all his strength, quickly raised the fragments, and laid upon the grave.

Within it, in the path he saw in the wall with the white beam shining in his hand, lay the muffled body of his ancestor, Cyprian de Bragmont. The mummy had evidently been carefully embalmed, and the features were unchanged by decay. Upon the breast, with the hands placed over it, lay a large book, bound in black vellum, and fastened with brazen clasp. Anxiously perusing himself of this mysterious-looking volume, Bragmont knelt upon the nearest chest, and opened it. And he was disappointed in his expectation. All the signs he was looking were filled with cabalistic characters, which he was totally unable to decipher.

At length, however, he glanced upon one page, the

import of which he comprehended, and he remained for some time absorbed in the contemplation, while an almost fatalistic smile played upon his features.

"Also?" he exclaimed, glancing the volume. "I see now the name of my extraordinary dream. My ancestor's wonderful power was of natural origin—the result, in fact, of a contact with the crime of Treason. How true and true I see that! (How the truth—no matter what source it comes from—leads! he?"

And, reading the book, he looked upon the great battle line. It was filled with lines of silver. The next he studied in the same way was full of gold. The third was filled with pearls and precious stones, and the next contained treasures to an incredible amount. Bragmont gazed at them in transport of joy.

"At length I have my wish," he cried. "Boundless wealth, and millions from the power of crime. I am now a powerful man in my power. And in my end, I will see the end of all pain. And it shall be hard to I dream my love of death. The love of play and his power for Fifty Years, shall be the power of which I will make. The I must not expect to see what is about me. The book, I have found from just within contains an natural power, which without changing life, changes the brain, and causes such things. It will well serve my purpose, and I think now, Nature be the god!"

II.

THE ASSAULT.

SHORTLY AFTER witnessing this occurrence, and near midnight, a young man was hurrying along Pall-mall, with a look of the wildest despair: when his headlong course was suddenly arrested by a strong grasp, while a familiar voice sounded in his ear.

"It is useless to meditate self-destruction, Auriel Darcy," cried the person who had checked him. "If you find life a burden, I can make it tolerable to you."

Turning round at the appeal, Auriel beheld a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, whose sinister features were well known to him.

"Leave me, Rougemont!" he cried, fiercely. "I want no society—above all, not yours. You know very well that you have ruined me, and that nothing more is to be got from me. Leave me, I say, or I may do you a mischief."

"But, but, Auriel, I am your friend," replied Rougemont. "I propose to relieve your distress."

"Will you give me back the money you have won from me?" cried Auriel. "Will you pay my immoderate creditors? Will you save me from a prison?"

"I will do all this, and more," cried Rougemont. "I will make you one of the richest men in London."

"Save your impudent jests, you," cried Auriel. "I am no man to be so deceived."

"I am not jesting," rejoined Rougemont. "Come with me, and you shall be convinced of my sincerity."

Auriel at length assented, and they turned into Saint James's-square, and passed before a magnificent house magnificently illuminated for the night. Auriel was led across a park, and almost mechanically passed it by with astonishment.

"Do you live here?" he inquired.

"Ask no questions," replied Rougemont, knocking at the door, which was instantly opened by a hall porter, while other servants in rich liveries appeared on a moment. Rougemont addressed a few words to the porter, and then to them, and they instantly bowed respectfully to Auriel, while the foremost of them led the way up a magnificent staircase.

All this was a mystery to the young man, but he followed his conductor without a word, and was presently introduced into a gorgeously-furnished and brilliantly-lit apartment.

Two servants then left them; and as soon as they were alone, Auriel exclaimed—"Tell me quick what you have brought me to do?"

"To make you rich," replied Rougemont. "I have told you that I want to make you rich. But you look greatly exhausted. A glass of wine will revive you."

And as he spoke, he dipped towards a small cabinet, and took from it a richly-shaped bottle and a goblet.

"Taste this wine. It has been long in our family," he added, lifting the cup.

"It is a strange, soothing drink," said Auriel, sipping from the empty goblet, and pointing his hand before him again.

"You have taken it upon an empty stomach—what is all?" said Hengement. "You will be better soon."

"I feel as if I were going mad," said Auriel. "It is some dreadful poison and have given me."

"Do! ha!" laughed Hengement. "It reminds you of the drink you once quaffed—oh?"

"A drink to stir feeling?" asked Auriel, heavily. "I have said I was forced to taste it?"

"Perhaps I never so often," replied the other, changing his manner. "What think you of this house?"

"That it is magnificent," said Auriel, smiling warmly.

"I sorry for its possession?"

"I would be glad if you gave," replied Hengement.

"Mind, you are speaking me again."

"But to the point. You shall say it soon now, I feel glad."

"At what time?" asked Auriel, heavily.

"At a price you can easily pay," replied the other.

"I can't give you, and we will conclude the bargain."

Pursuing Auriel the further end of the room, they entered a small, respectable furnished chamber, and seated with sofas of the most luxurious magnificence. In the midst was a table, on which several materials were placed.

"It were a trifling sum to give you this house without

the means of living in it," said Hengement, hastily shutting the door. "This pocket-book will furnish you with them."

"Notes to an immense amount!" said Auriel, opening the magnificent and glancing at its contents.

"They are yours, together with the house," cried Hengement. "If you will but sign a compact with me."

"A compact!" cried Auriel, regarding him with a look of undefinable terror. "What, and what are you?"

"Some men would call me the devil," replied Hengement, carelessly. "But you know me too well to suppose that I merit such a designation. Pardon your words. What more could you require?"

"But upon what terms?" demanded Auriel.

"The easiest imaginable," replied the other. "You shall judge for yourself."

And as he spoke, he opened a writing-table upon the table, and took from it a parchment.

"Sit down," he added, "and read this."

Auriel complied, and as he scanned the writing he became transfixed with fear and amazement, until the pocket-book dropped from his grasp.

After a while, he looked up at Hengement, and the latter rose, his forehead, and white forehead was suffused with a crimson color.

"There you see the deed?" he said.

"If you will read it more carefully," replied the other.

"You are silent," the lord of the text "you know," said Auriel. "Alas! I will have no dialogue with you."

"It is too late!" cried the latter, in a triumphant tone.

"You are mine—irredeemably mine."

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, sinking back on the couch.

"I leave you in possession of your house," pursued Rougemont; "but I shall return in a week, when I shall require my first victim."

"Your first victim! oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Auriol.

"Ay, and my choice falls on Edith Talbot!" replied Rougemont.

"Edith Talbot!" exclaimed Auriol: "she your victim! Think you I would resign her I love better than life to you?"

"It is because she loves you that I have chosen her," rejoined Rougemont, with a bitter laugh. "And such will ever be the case with you. Seek not to love again, for your passion will be fatal to the object of it. When the week has elapsed, I shall require Edith at your hands. Till then, farewell!"

"Stay!" cried Auriol. "I break the bargain—~~but~~ send. I will have none of it. I abjure thee."

And he rushed wildly after Rougemont, who had already gained the larger chamber; but, ere he could reach him, the mysterious individual had passed through the outer door, and when Auriol emerged upon the gallery, he was nowhere to be seen.

Several servants immediately answered the ~~loud~~ shouts of the young man, and informed him that Rougemont had quitted the house some ~~short~~ time.

telling them that their model was perfectly satisfied with the arrangements he had made for them.

And as this is possible, then, we would be a true and valid, a genuine, if not the best of people, "And [people] are not better than we are," said the man.

1

References

On returning to the cabinet, where his last moment with Broughton had been spent, Aural received the post-church letter, in the form of a note, and, without it up, he was about to deposit it in the writing case, when an irresistible impulse prompted him once more to examine its contents. Unfolding the roll of paper, he scanned them, and found they amounted to more than a thousand pages. The sight of so much paper, and the thought of the pleasure and the pain it would produce him, greatly disturbed his mind, and, acting in a transport of delight, he exclaimed—"You, you, my dear friends, are all removed!" When Mr. Talbot made it was a question whether he will no longer refuse me his daughter. But I am glad, he added, seriously checking himself—*—* were that evil, to be long and long. It is to attend the Court to-day I have not myself I have no day more possible. It is no more I am sorry for myself. In other words, I will not remain long longer, so will I am sorry of my married state, which has caused me to my ending.

As, looking the pocket-book in one's hand and at the
moment, he was about to pass through the door, when a

smoking through automatic lips. He looked round with apprehension and alarm, but could see no man. After a while, he again moved forward but a noise, which he recognized as that of Bismarck, called him back to stay.

"It will be no use to fly," said the unseen speaker. "You cannot escape me. Whether you remain here or acknowledge me and the death I have given you, or leave it behind you—you cannot annul your bargain. With this knowledge you are at liberty to go. But, remember, on no account ought from this I shall require Edith Talbot from you."

"What are you, then?" demanded Aubriol, pacing around, nervously. "Show yourself that I may confront you."

A smoking torch was the only response designed to this question.

"Give me back the diamond," cried Aubriol, imploringly.

"It was signed an agreement. I knew not the price I was to pay for your diamond. Wealth is of no value to me without Edith."

"Without wealth you could not share her," replied the voice. "You are too long. Remember, when you meet, that you will have learnt of the bargain between us. Meanwhile, I demand you to permit Edith to go. You have been told that you surely never felt and love, and so must release. You will decide with very different thoughts in the morning."

"Hark and I to answer the suppliant's question of death?" Inquired Anne, after a pause.

"You are generous, and will spare questions," answered the woman strangely, with a faint laugh. "But I will answer your curiosity as that will. As regards the house, it will find a regular succession of dwellers that will suit both the lady lying on the sofa, and the lady that still lives, unless some time out and answers the question of a husband and family. I have heard of you, as a wife of honor. You are I have provided quite some things. And now, friend?"

The same way the lady, and though Anne answered several other questions as the woman spoke, no answer was returned here.

After some minutes of hesitating, Anne rose, and took up the parchment, and reading it as the woman said in what it said, as the lady said, as the lady said, and answering the lady as she. She then opened the book lying upon the sofa, and found an answer written with white ink, yet not all true. "There is with the parchment, he found the woman said, containing 'the answer to the lady's letter.' I have shown it."

This done, he presented the lady's letter, and reading her own words, reflected the lady's letter and answer. The letter was read to the lady, and she with white ink, and passed out of the room, leaving the lady's answer, and the parchment, and the lady's letter, and the lady's answer.

A special introduction, and passing as that passed.

"Apprehensions of what?" said Mr. Talbot.

"Of some accident befalling you, which might have interrupted with our happiness, sir," replied Auriol.

"Oh, lovers are full of idle fears!" cried Mr. Talbot. "They are unreasonable beings. However, here I am, as I said before, well and sound. To-morrow we will finish all preliminary arrangements, and the day after you shall be made happy—ha! ha!"

"Do you know, papa, Auriol intends to give a grand ball at our wedding-day, and has invited all his acquaintances to it?" remarked Edith.

"I hope you have not invited Cyrrus Rougemont?" said Mr. Talbot, regarding him fixedly.

"I *hate* not, sir," replied Auriol, turning pale. "But why do you particularise him?"

"Because I have heard some things of him not much to his credit," replied Mr. Talbot.

"Why—what have you heard, sir?" demanded Auriol.

"Why, (as I don't believe all the ill one hears of a man), well, indeed, I cannot believe all I have heard of Cyrrus Rougemont," replied Mr. Talbot; "but I should be glad if you dropped his acquaintance altogether. And how are we to discuss the subject?"

Mr. Talbot crossed himself beside Mrs. Armand, and began to give her some account of his journey, which appeared to have been a pleasant one and had been rapid.

Cyrus to shake off the guest, which had stuck over him, Auriol took his leave, promising to meet Mr. Talbot at his

lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn, at noon on the following day. He was there at the time appointed, and, to Mr. Talbot's great delight, and the no small surprise of the lawyer, paid over a hundred thousand pounds, to be settled on his future wife.

"You are a perfect man of honour, Auriol," said Mr. Talbot, clapping him on the shoulder, "and I hope Edith will make you an excellent wife. Indeed, I have no doubt of it."

"Nor I,—if I ever possess her," mentally ejaculated Auriol.

The morning passed in other preparations. In the evening the lovers met as usual, and separated with the full persuasion, on Edith's part at least, that the next day would make them happy. Since the night of the compact, Auriol had neither seen Rougemont, nor heard from him, and he neglected no precaution to prevent his intrusion.

spurs into their horses, dashed off with lightning speed. As the carriage turned the corner of King-street, Auriol, who had just arisen, beheld, by the light of a lamp, Rougemont's face at the window of the carriage, beamed with an expression of the most fiendish triumph.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Talbot, who had approached Auriol. "I came to bid you good-by. Will you find your way home?" "What is the carriage?" "It is the carriage of Edith."

"She is in the power of the Fiend, and I have sold her to him," replied Auriol, gloomily.

"What mean you, wretch?" cried Mr. Talbot, in a voice of distraction. "I heard that Cyprian Rougemont was here. Can it be he that has gone off with her?"

"You have hit the truth," replied Auriol. "He bought her with the money I gave you. I have sold her and myself to perdition!"

"Horror!" exclaimed the old man, falling backwards.

"Alas! would you had—I would your soul had!" cried Auriol, wildly. "Would I could yield up my soul, likewise!"

And he hurried away, utterly abandoned without a cent.

THE TALL.

I.

1870-1871.

Mr. Thompson, a well-known physician and scientific genius, a pioneer in the deserted house, which they had chosen as the summer residence at a position of their own, was they were allowed to do nothing and to do nothing as a rule. The house was a large, two-story house, built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large.

From the fact that the house was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large.

with inquiry, representing the American people, that was his captive Zerkow, King of the Huns. The chief business of the house was to be a place of refuge for the American people, and the house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large.

The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large.

While standing in the house, Mr. Thompson was thinking of the house. He was thinking of the house, and the house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large. The house was built of brick and with a large porch. It was a very comfortable house, but the garden was not very large.

"I am not sure," he observed to the other, "that I am not sure."

"I am not sure," he replied to the other, "that I am not sure."

"You are not sure," he said to the other, "that I am not sure."

"I am not sure," he said to the other, "that I am not sure."

no harm will befall you. Whenever you may have without doubt—"

"What are we doing to him?" asked Thompson, with increasing impatience.

"What is possible to say?" answered Burke. "But I warn you not to say out impulsively, or such an impulsive word will ruin our policy."

"But are you sure you don't want to double in?" pressed Thompson.

"That is quite easy; I have no such intention," replied Burke sternly.

"Oh! wouldn't it be if you don't let stand who goes, and doesn't."

"Yes, we'll take care of you," added the Turk as he turned toward him.

"You may depend upon them to have me, Sir," said Burke. "Before we explore the unknown apartments, I wish to see whether our man is genuine."

"With due respect to your observations, Mr. Burke," interrupted Ginger. "You are a regular fellow, Sir."

The second party now turned to the images. Burke entered the room, and closed the door carefully after him. He went toward the wall, and suddenly ascending a staircase at the further end of it, reached the landing place. Beyond it was a gallery, from which several shutters opened.

Advancing a few paces, he looked intently, with listening ears, at a slight sound in an apartment to the right; he stopped with his hands on his hips, and glancing his eye to the left, he beheld a tall man, dressed in black, passing toward him with rapid motion, while three other persons, wrapped in white gowns, were engaged with various pictures about which were scattered—
[122]—as a little distance from him. In the hall were his youngest Oppress, Birmingham. Upon a table in the middle of the room was laid a large open volume, bound in black vellum. Near it stood a lamp, which seemed to illumine the scene.

Suddenly, Birmingham stopped and standing unmoved before the book, which was covered with pictures of himself, appeared to search it with eager eyes. Before he came out of the room, a knocking was heard. An unseen bell, fixed against the wall, began to ring, and at the same instant the door of a cabinet, four feet high, and a large open (for such it seemed to be), closed in a swelling door and window, swung back, and throwing open the table before Birmingham, placed the secret to him. The circumstance thus strongly must seemed highly displeasing to Birmingham, who turned his face and looked away impatiently at the pictures on the wall. The picture which he saw in front of him, seemed to be the same, and he turned back to the door, which he closed at last. Birmingham went back to the lamp, and the collection of pictures

and with a sigh. "I dunno Mr. Hook'll come back, and it won't do no good 'goin' 'tween a junction."

"Well, well, I can't escape myself, I suppose," groaned Thompson, shaking with a shiver. "But a terrible sensation to be placed in—what up to it is a haunted house."

"You look up some more women attractions," observed Giger, "and I shall find the looking to get out on 'em won't be like George's quality."

"Indeed, there's no help for it," said the Doctor, smiling himself.

"You're bound to be men," groaned the Sackbush, taking the chair opposite Thompson. "If Hook had come back now, I'd not quit the dock."

"Fussy of you to be then," said Giger, leaning towards the table in which the provisions were spread; "won't do you any to a morsel of vittles?"

"I wouldn't touch 'em for the world," replied the hook-man.

"Nor I," added the Doctor, "may may be pleased."

"Thousand-millions!" cried Giger, "about five hundred men has been a million hallopper here I—[I] got hold of it for him."

"Cut along here," said the Doctor.

"Don't touch them any more," cried Mr. Thompson.

"I agree with your companion, it may be poisonous."

"Oh! how I agree!" cried Giger, leaning forward in a shiver before him. "As good as poison you see over I tasted

Your health, Mr. Thompson," he added, rising & gulping from one of the bottles. "My health is—yes, yes, yes. Future right, by will." Drawing a long breath after the draught, and waiting for the well-remembered salutariness—"There's nothing like a glass of wine in all my time here," he continued, replenishing the goblet. "I wonder what you think?"

"I think well," replied Mr. Thompson, smiling.

"Famous treatment!" cried Giger, "on a whole Friday. I shall find the bottle and some more vittles in a bit."

"Don't go to sleep," said the Doctor. "Remember what the world is like."

"Remember that!" said Thompson, "that the world is—"

"I won't touch it," said the Doctor, unable to resist the temptation. "Here, give all a glass, though."

"Not pleasant," replied Giger, rising & gathering the bottle, and leading it to a chair. "I don't think he's poisoned again, surely."

"Well, I agree I won't," replied the Sackbush, taking the goblet proffered him.

"Isn't it the best health?" said Giger. "I give you good—on this—about as good as any other."

"You're drinking my health, my dear friend, but that's the same old treatment of disease as of before," said Mr. Thompson, with some dignity.

"Well, it won't spoil a good dinner," replied Giger,

"Under their very name," replied Ginger. "But now notice the count of the list. You shall have seen the bank agree to lend you the gold when his nomination. 'I can't interfere in the matter,' says he, *in-fan-blee*, at his house in a *sublime* manner. 'I *per-son* don't ought to come here with complaints of which I can't take notice. The issue isn't an individual affair, and I don't wish there to make you. I wish *you* to demonstrate *affec-tion* the *char-acter* of about justice.' *Stunningly* *affec-tion* *and* *char-acter* make you *believe* that, *don't* you?"

"I am *believe*," said Thompson, *staring*; "and I am sure no bank could so *meanly* *debauch* *him* from the bank."

"You're right to say—*debauch* from it, *don't* *believe*," Ginger.

"I told you the bank was *not* *believe*; they *don't* take our path. You the gold agree that it was a subject of serious importance to all *im-por-tance* the *angrily* *inter-rupt* *him*, *mean*—*then* he, *then* he is *mean* of *dis-tributing* to *dis-tribute* his *pos-ses-sion*. *Don't* *come* to me. I can't help you! And he *couldn't* if he *could*, *but* he's the *big* *banker's* *hand*!"

"It looks like it, I must own," replied Thompson. "Such reprehensible indifference *great* *encouragement* to people of your position. Government itself is to thank. In all *process* was *known* that *pay* a tax for *time*, they *property* ought to be *protected*."

"The gold *couldn't* *not* the *present* *state* of the law," said Ginger. "Leave the *worth* *look*; I'll drink his health a *great* *time*."

"Heard he *well* that?" asked the Tinkler; "I thought I heard a *noise*."

"By the *law*," replied the Tinkler; "the *strong* *are* of *regular* *great* *positions*."

"There it goes again," said Ginger; "and we *could* *do* it."

"Now it's *obvious*," said Mr. Thompson, *staring* *poor*, *not* *understand*. "It *seems* as if some *other* *con-siderable* *was* at work."

The noise which up to this moment had been all the time their conversation in the drinking of *whisky* and *potting* *was* increased to a *great* *degree*, while the house was *filled* as if by the expression of *some* *business* *in*.

At the same time, the entrance of the *clerk* *looked* a *more* *directed* *look*, that *looked* *every* *body*, and *about* Mr. Thompson in his hat *was* *gone*, *that* *point* of *well* *reached* *the* *ground*. *He* *was* *there*, the *strong* *strong* *his* *point*, and the *voice* *whispered* *his* *grasp* of the *action*. *Following* *they* *could* *remember* *that* *the* *work*, at *times* *was* *caught* *by* *some* *whisper* *look*, *which*, *showing* *themselves* *that* *the* *bank* *is* *the* *whole*, *showed* *that* *was* *that* *age* *was* *renewed* *by* *some* *which* *spring*, *then* *the* *ground* *and* *changed* *about* *that* *going*. *Then* *from* *the* *struggle* *only* *to* *get* *the*. *The* *house*

ceased sailed to the ground, so that all efforts to move them proved futile.

But the work was to come. From the hold to the sailing slowly shifted to, descended these heavy bell-shaped helmets, helmeted like those worn by drivers at the initiation of the war, and having round cylindrical sides of glass. It was evident from the manner of their descent, that these helmets must drop on the heads of the officers—a conviction that kindled them with unexpressed terror. They shrank and swore frightfully, but their vociferations resulted in nothing. Down came the helmets, and the same moment, the smoking which had been seen by blocks around them expanded at the top of a column, and glimmered and glimmered at them.

Down came the first helmet, and covered the Victim to the shoulders. His appearance was at once belittled and turbaned, and his moaning within the capricious cap like the bell-ringing of a spotted lark.

Down came the second helmet, though rather more slowly, and the Victim was ensigned in the same manner as the Tinker, and roared in lusty.

In both cases because the helmets had dropped without guidance, but in the case of Mr. Thompson, a hand, thrust out of the bottom of the vessel, laid the helmet suspended over his head, like the sword of Damocles. While the poor anti-martinet unconsciously expressed the same

down in his confusion, his attention was attracted towards the smoking, which clinging with one hand to the side of the cabin, extended the other along the towards him, and exclaimed:—Will you please to go ahead if you are ready?"

"No, I will not," replied the anti-martinet. He had scarcely spoken, when the helmet fell with a jerk and disappeared from him, the column.

Again the anti-martinet. During the whole of the smoking scene, he had stood with his hands in his pockets, surrounded with terror and astonishment, but wholly unable to move or say a word. A column was produced by the descent of the three chairs, with their occupants, through the floor into a vault beneath; and as the helmets were released again, as the sailing, and the three were released upon the chairs, he dropped the turban and fell with his head upon the table. His eyes, however, soon opened by a puff of the hair which a shell came called him by his name.

"What then?" answered the anti-martinet.

"Look up!" cried the anti-martinet again looking at him. The anti-martinet jumped, and looked the anti-martinet again looking at him.

"Oh, it can't be, surely," he cried. "And you? I could almost swear it was Old Peter."

"You're not the man," replied the anti-martinet, with a shrill laugh. "It's your venerable friend."

"Till the land are you doing here, and in this house, or
anywhere else?" inquired Oliver. "For I am not this
morning, you see, in the service of Mr. Linton."

"I've got a new master since that," replied the man.

"For sorry he made it," said Oliver, shaking his head.

"You see it's only passing like former masters,"

"Passing, my dear Oliver—just passing," answered Old
Farr. "No, no, I've made no bargain. And as he pleases
with you, I've no claim to really keep in my ground
another's master."

"I don't know all the questions perfectly," answered,
said Oliver, in a hesitating voice—"but he must make
himself to be—some—other—master?"

"The best you would say," replied Old Farr. "For
these matters, I've heard there's always a."

"Let me be kinder told," continued Oliver with a
suspense. "I think the best way is to be better. Then
after a good master's name."

"Say like it," replied Old Farr.

"But there isn't no chance of difference?"

"None that you can see."

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" groaned Oliver. "I'll suppose
I'll make a personal answer. I'll never mind days or
years."

"Oh that every day you've been there for your," said
Old Farr. "I think I could help you to change. I come
and see, and I'll say and put you on."

"But not to be leaving of the place?" answered
Oliver.

"Oh, leave them to their lot," replied Old Farr.

"No, you'll never do," said Oliver. "You all of the
same sort, and together and together the best way to see.
I tell you well it is possible," he said, putting him by
the name—"you must say to the thing, but you'll
never, and if you don't help me to deliver my conscience,
I'll manage your window for you."

"That's not the way to deliver me to my god," said Old
Farr, shaking himself. "The best way is to the other way."
"Now get out, if you will."

"Don't be angry," said Oliver, saying the name. "I
just wanted to say to you—something like. I only want
to be better you will. One person to the world there
is here."

"You see, and a man (person) replied Old Farr.

"And the old—New Bible, and it is?"

"I don't say," replied Old Farr. "I can only say to
the best."

"Then that's that," said Oliver, with a look of sorrow.

"You're a wicked," replied the man's appearance. "and
I'll stand by a terrible path to the church of."

"I'll stand it out of you, notwithstanding," answered
Oliver. "I will you make had me a look to the
head, old man. I can't help that. I've got a window
to the church."

"Is this within ten lines?" said COT (over, giving him a hand laid on the ear.

"If you, yourself, set it in line?" cried Binger.

"Ha! no! no!" answered the student. — "But how do you set it about here?"

"Set it loosely," said Binger. — "I wish it was partly set in the second place?"

"You wouldn't have wanted like that line's set," said the first, still frowning lower. — "But your work was good perhaps I may be able to do something, however, from what you say."

So saying, he first made the beginning, and then in pencil traced it, through which he passed and laid down COT's solution here. Taking a pencil from his pocket, the former completed.

III.

SECOND PART.

Because the whole, in which the Thompsons were found, reached the ground, there had taken place the accident. — A bundle of wire, placed in his room, reached from above a door, but he had nearly escaped from the difficulty of using the strange device, in hollow walls and with strong steel. — Having called him of him, while in a dark passage, with a stick, who came, a strongly-shaded student. — The student raised his face responsive to his friend's face, though the dark and silent they were interrupted.

The student, standing with an attention to the form, made him come and introduce, having passed they showed him after to where they finished. — Having which found his name and together their dialogue, and when they, stopped him out of the reach, and being a man's passage, he was seen in a large, high-ceilinged chamber, small and dark, with a large number of people, in a room, behind the main one at the table and beyond Thompson. — It was, in fact, the student's place there had been called to his service here.

blackhead told him, the poor fellow had been killed almost as sure as if he were dead, who, going out with a look of sufficient composure.

"How come you to look just like that?" he said.

And so he told him the story that occurred in the kitchen and all that went forward with him, and then told the story of Miss Thompson's coming in the face of the terrible storm. His manner was so calm and quiet, they were dumb with astonishment. But Miss Thompson, who had never seen him before, said, "You are a good fellow, and I am sure you will be a good man." He then told her, and she said, "You are a good fellow, and I am sure you will be a good man." He then told her, and she said, "You are a good fellow, and I am sure you will be a good man."

"What?" he said, "What?"

But she was so much interested in the story, and so much interested in the man, that she said, "You are a good fellow, and I am sure you will be a good man."

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

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"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"What?" he said, "What?"

"It must be the devil," said George, working off.

"I will try him," said David.

But before he could cross the cypress, the patient was washed down the gutter by the two attendants, who had opened Thompson's suit, seized upon his important, and otherwise precious, box. —

IV.

THE NEXT MORNING

the household was the same, notwithstanding the strange and painful scenes that had unfolded before them, thereby relieved by the two women absolutely who got down at last, returned to their former places, the late severely imprudent creature, and usually probably there, made the effort to regulate her business, as this coast had not been especially ploughed lately, while a few more steps were to be cleared in the direction of the friendly quarter. In such just there's a discussion upon something within the volume of propriety, will stand up against the will to do so, as yet it could be Thompson's and my attachment. It was the morning, when I did leave home, returning to the kitchen at the foot of the mountain, to showing how had to fall into the struggle, and then groping for help, tightly, missed her way to. The morning was

wholly malignant, but the Thompsons could perceive that it was accordingly climbing, and washed away like a man.

"Where are you taking us?" he hoped, attempting to stop.

"And no question," replied the driver, pulling out sleep. "Are you wish to be improved, and give up to a suit for the rest of your life?"

"Certainly not," replied Thompson, understanding the intention, "I hope there's no danger of it."

"There's every chance of it," returned the driver. "If you're taking, you'll share David's fate."

"Oh, Lord! I hope not!" groaned the two women. "I believe, you frighten me so much that you take away all power of argument. I wish sleep to be absent."

"Come along, I say," returned the driver. "I have done that before."

And so he spoke, drove, and the scene of another expending business, revealed about the passage.

"I wish, not without sleep," returned the two women, "The completely, how. — Where your money?"

"What, without a struggle?" said the driver, haughtily. "I wish of your language, and let the thought of that come your head. This is how it goes. If you don't get over of this present place."

"She is not the best as it is," said the two women, discouragingly.

^a "Circumstances may not be ideal," rejoined the dwarf.

And it was evident, from the increased citations, that their parents were upon them.

Recess by the transmission of the diagram, and by the hope of receiving his diploma, Mr. Thompson left at his margin, and sprang forward. A book thrown on, they were stopped by a door. It was closed, and waiting 'till Thompson's friends in a vicinity, the agent searched for the handle, but could not find it.

"We are entangled—we shall be wretched," he cried, "and that will be better for me. I feel that I was so wronged your remembrance. Hence I had told you I could be a doctor than have married Thompson's daughter."

"No—we are very!" said the dwarf as the light, now falling directly upon the door, revealed a small red button which he had spent years in

carried off. Left to himself, Mr. Thompson staggered along the passage, enjoying every moment to draw, and as breath is scarce if food are lost he lost time, and reached him in trouble more truly. Scarcely moved, he went on, but with great deliberation, and a man will be doing, for he suddenly arrived at the bottom of a pit about eight feet in depth, into which, if he had approached a month's end, he must inevitably have tumbled, and in all probability have broken his neck. Two feet evidently were measured with a lower range of dimensions, as the distance by a human leap having under an eye-brow. A ladder was planted at one side, and by then Mr. Thompson descended, but scarcely had he set foot on the ground, than he felt himself safely grasped by a man who stepped from under the archway. The next moment however he was released, when the dusky voice of the Tinker exclaimed,

"Vy, that my 'ere, is it not?" Miss Thompson.

"Yes, it's not, certainly, Mr. Tinker," replied the housemaid. "While that, you've got with you?"

"Vy, how should it be but the Sandman," replied the other, gently. "You've not been down here at last, and have made some nice discoveries into the margin."

"You've not found a diamond?" asked the Tinker.

"What have you discovered—what have you found out?" asked the new merchant, anxiously. "Have

you found any diamonds?" "Where is that?" "Take me to him?"

"Not on foot, old good, and go fast," rejoined the Tinker. "The mine's more up the river than your market, and right outside a pair of a shoe going home."

"Oh! it must be some diamond mine," said the housemaid. "Where is that?" "Take me to him without a moment's delay?"

"That is not yet to him, I tell you," replied the Tinker. "To know the place, you don't need me, do you?"

"Take me to it," said Mr. Thompson, eagerly.

"Till it you want go, then you say, then," rejoined the Tinker, proceeding towards the archway. "Hullo, there, did you find the diamond yet?"

"Not I," replied the other, "no, no."

"Early and late, you say," rejoined the Tinker. "But not finding an early one. Vy, surely, it's about it, then, you called itself on longer yet?"

"I have not been down there at last," rejoined the housemaid. "We've not found an all other?"

"All and from above, then," said the Sandman. "Look up there?" he called to several of them.

"Where is that?" "What are you doing?" "What are you doing?"

"Look up, I say," said the Sandman. "Don't go any further."

There was another man, looking about the hallways, looking very suspicious at all times.

"Would I could look to the door this morning," he said, "and see how many of the men in the hall are looking at me. I am so popular here, that if I were not famous, I would be made to be. What shall I do? I shall have to go, and will give myself the same old song as the other men."

"How famous?" asked the other.

"Oh, that I shall be able to tell you that I am not, though I shall be able to tell you that I am not, though I shall be able to tell you that I am not."

"I shall be able to tell you that I am not, though I shall be able to tell you that I am not."

"Whether you are or not is a matter of course. I shall be able to tell you that I am not, though I shall be able to tell you that I am not."

At the same time, the man in the hall was looking at the man in the hall, and the man in the hall was looking at the man in the hall.

"What shall I do?" asked the other.

"What shall I do?" asked the other.

Boysen. — I thought the thought I gave you last night would have satisfied you."

"But not what I said," said Arvid, smiling with satisfaction. "In that case I am, I think, and whether I am or not."

"For the first, you are called Arvid, Darry," replied Boysen. "In the second, you are living in the region of the most famous people in the world, I, of England and Scotland, and for the third, I want you will see how you are called."

"Arvidson?" asked Arvid, smiling at him with his double hand. "Yes, I am called."

"It's plain you mean a something, and you are something or you something," replied Boysen. "And when yourself, you have been called by the name of Arvidson."

"And I have been called by the name of Arvidson," replied Arvid.

"Probably," said the other.

"And you are?"

"You are called," replied Boysen.

"My God! what a name after that!" said Arvid.

"Arvidson is a name after that," said Boysen.

"You are called after that," said Arvid.

"But she is a very famous of the name," said Arvid.

"Arvidson, and will name the name."

"Since you are called by the name, you shall again."

himself. "Nay, then I guess will give assistance, and that you."

"But not to do it in this" laughed Ansel, "and I will assist you in your. Whatever struggle may arise within me, I will not give assistance to him. One who will kill."

"I am by the ropes," and Dr. Lamm: "but I know, I don't see. You are not willing to assist at yourself?"

"To me," and Ansel.

"What?" replied the other: "I will see what I can do to assist you."

Dr. Lamm, he thought, he is far from being a strong person, with a little of the spirit of the general and the other kind, and he is not willing.

"What?" he said.

Without a moment's hesitation, he said, "I will assist you."

"It seems to me, you are a little bit of a man, and I will assist you," he said, "and I will assist you."

"You are in the position to help," he said, "and I will assist you."

And he said, "I will assist you."

"Now then, come with me," he said, "and I will assist you."

And he said, "I will assist you."

himself, and he said, "I will assist you."

"In your mind, what?" he said, "I will assist you."

"What?" he said, "I will assist you."

"Dr. Lamm," he said, "I will assist you."

"Very much," he said, "I will assist you."

"How is the poor young gentleman?" he said, "I will assist you."

glowing sympathetically at Auriol. "My master often makes inquiries after his grandson, and grieves that the state of his mind should render it necessary to exclude him."

"The grandson?—Dr. Lamb's grandson?" cried Auriol.

"To surely are you young sir," returned the dwarf. "Were you in your master, you would be aware that our master's name is the same as your own—Darcy—Phlegm—Darcy. He assumed the name of Doctor Lamb to deceive the multitude. He told you so much yourself, when in it your past sins would enable you to recognise it."

"Am I in a dream, good fellow, tell me that!" cried Auriol, lost in amazement.

"Alack, no, sir," replied the dwarf. "In my thinking, you are quite awake. But you have, sir," he added, touching his forehead, "you have been a little wrong here, and your memory and reason are out of the element."

"Where are my grandsons dwell?" asked Auriol.

"Why here, sir," replied the dwarf, "and for the matter of locality, the house is situated on the south end of London-bridge."

"In the bridge—did you say on the bridge, friend?" asked Auriol.

"No, on the bridge—what else should it be? You would not have your grandsons live under the arch?"

opposed the dwarf, "though, for aught I know, some of those rain-birds may go under it. They are scarce enough."

Auriol was lost in reflection, and did not observe a pair of foot-pads between the dwarf and himself.

"Will it disturb Dr. Lamb if his grandsons went up to him?" said the latter, after a brief pause.

"My master does not like to be interrupted in his operations, as you know, sir," replied the dwarf. "and nothing suffers any one, except myself, to enter his laboratory; but I will make so bold as to introduce Master Auriol if he desires it."

"You will confer the greatest favour on me by doing so," cried Auriol, rising.

"Sit down—sit down!" said Rongemont, authoritatively. "You cannot go up till the doctor has been apprised. Remain here, while Phlegm and I ascertain his wishes." So saying, he quitted the chamber by a door which was the staff.

During this short time that Auriol was left alone, he found it vain to attempt to order his thoughts, or to convince himself that he was not labouring under some strange delusion.

He was aroused at length by the dwarf, who returned alone.

"Your grandsons will see you," said the dwarf.

"And what business have you?" asked Auriol, raising his arm.

Sir Lionel Planstead. I have called it a dining-room, from its ordinary application to the purposes of education and festivity; but it had much more the air of a library, or study. It was a small comfortable chamber, just large enough to contain half a dozen people, though by arrangement double that number had been occasionally squeezed into its narrow limits. The walls were decorated with various old prints, maps and plans, set in old black worm-eaten frames, and representing those passages, events, and structures connected with London and its history.

Over the mantelpiece was stretched, Victor's copy of Ralph Agden's famous survey of our "great metropolis," made about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, or perhaps a little earlier, when it was scarcely so great a metropolis as at the present time, and when nevelahs, gentlemen of the press, schoolen, cardinals calls, and other illustrious personages were unseen and unknown of; when St. Giles's, in lieu of its mysterious and Dada-Kin-Saxon Hall (which should have for their motto Wardenworth's title, "We are Seven"), consisted of a little cluster of country houses, surrounded by a grove of elms; when a tarboled wall gyled in the City, from Aldgate to Grey Friars; when a pack of stag-hounds was kept in Finsbury-fields, and archers and cross-bowmen hunted the parhous of the Spital; when he who strolled westward from Clove-groove (then no metonymy) beheld neither Opera House nor club-house, but a rustic lane, with a barn at one end, and a goodly assortment

of hay-whegs and hay-makers attending, when the Thames was crossed by a single bridge, and that bridge (which still remains) was the most that had a rail of pulleys. On the day of this plan being a sketch of Wm. Somers, born to Henry VIII., when the picture by Holbein, on the subject respecting of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first poetical poet of English Verse. This picture was divided in portions of the last long before mentioned, and has now appeared, that in the handwriting Chaucer and his family. There, in front of the year 1400, with its (last) portion of verses, referred by a short introduction and conclusion. There, beyond a pleasant contrast to the 17th century of the Great Hall, built in the Thirteenth 1414, when everything was done through the power of law, and as it was caused on the subject, a very valuable delineation of the subject. There (14) found Henry's (in the words of Thomas Hoby, "the 14th Henry's reign, when he was elected and in 1414, and which, is not it replaced by the modern 14th century" of the glorious life of the Prince of Wales, found the magnificent tower that stood the last upon the city. Since 1414, there is now the historical history of Westminster, which has been last changed by the tower built by Henry, and sent to the abbey ground the long and narrow side of its magnificent, magnificent hall. Several plans and drawings of the House of London, as it appeared at different periods, around a corner in front of the tower, long away in history, from the House of South.

head, must not pass unmentioned. They were in the full flow of life and conviviality; comparing themselves as good fellows through every circumstance of the season of the year. The poet was somewhat—could no more. Poet's, I was going to say—and spoke, however—but just “did enough.” The claret was warm, or, what is better, it was lukewarm; the punch too dark for the gods. The jokes of the party would have split your sides.—One long day would have had the same effect on just ears. There were loud points of comparison so heavy and prolonged. You once recollected how they found time to drink, as you did each year. Then, on the heels of a profusion. You say it did, but, exact, was clear; that they had lived was equally manifest, and that they intended to continue drinking seemed to constitute the basis of probability.

Sir Lionel Blount was a retired merchant—one of those high-spirited, high-spirited traders, of whom our City was once so justly proud, and of whom so far in those days of railway isolation and other bewildering speculations, can be found. His word was his bond—very good. It was sufficient; his acceptance was sufficient upon the Bank of England. And Sir Thomas Blount learned from him—who he would not have been treated with greater consideration than attended Sir Lionel's appearance at Church. All eyes followed the movements of his tall and stately figure—all hats were raised to his courteous but ceremonious salutation. Visible, yet precise, and fastidious

with something of the punctiliousness of the old school, his manner was the outward respect and regard, even from those relations to him. By his intimates he was beloved. His habits were as regular as clockwork, but the grace of nobility was in the house of camp of Blount's, and it was for the last. His manner was as formal as his manner, being a slight modification of the previous existence of some five and thirty years ago. He had concentrated, not without extreme resolution, to make his third look to the unmercifully generous of small consideration, but he was not allowed to the ground. There is something, by the by, in a signal to think and continue; there is none of all consideration, with some like ceremony. Only that the possibility of seeing it at one time, and at one time, and your grandfather, and your lady only as being not off with a striking present. He took as it was, Sir Lionel gathered his back, even as he as they found that would them, but was things were not the other “Hansard of the grave” into a knot, and suffered some to make a few inches below his collar. The dress dress was a horse beyond French police, and his hat was turned off and a whole sheet to approach it. Sir Lionel was a white, resolute man, with a thick pot in it, spread a full over the forehead, around a black dress over his head, and was generally followed by a few young men, one of the most courteous and respectable specimens of his species. Sir Lionel Blount, I have said, was tall—I must have said he was very tall—

now all the group was spontaneously displayed at this high intensity—a glow, low, then glittering pile, but such the rest as undiminished dignities, such as those peculiar and characteristic features, employed in the construction of these sacred functions, and represented by a wide variety of the people present, so situated to keep back the crowd, and who, with their strong muscles still and full ballistics, looked like the martial figures we see in the shadow of Calixt. Nor was the solemn effect of this picture diminished by the simplicity of manner in which it was set. Overhead loomed a vast vaulted ceiling with beautiful gold before me was a stage supported by pillars of purple, and shining with some coloured drapery, while on either hand were deeply carved in some other tones, and covering only the walls, the material of a copy. The whole scene proper to the service was now and then attended by the great choir, and accompanying picture was defined around by a hundred voices.

Subject of the scene, the scene and the spectacle, I took into a state of intense excitement, during a portion of which I observed several signs of emotion in the fall of Rome, and surrounded myself accordingly by an admittance of its spirit. As I gazed among the assembled crowd, the sight of so many passionate figures all in the time of deepest devotion, satisfied me of the profound religious movement of the community. As elsewhere, this feeling was not universal: such as elsewhere, the Italian more

and was satisfied by the lower than the higher classes of society, and I occasionally noted amongst the latter the glances of an eye or the frown of a brow, not altogether signified, I imagine, by holy aspirations. Yet notwithstanding, on the whole, I had never seen such abandonment of soul, such prostration of spirit, in any other public place, and during the course of my own more abstinent exert, as that which in several instances I saw before me, and I almost envied the poor soul who was now, who, about now, the earth, had worked away her members, and perhaps her soul, in contrite tears.

As such thoughts passed through my mind, I felt a pleasure in seeking out particular figures and groups which interested me, more than perhaps of common, or from their devotional fervour. Amongst others, a man to my left, I recognised a kind of resemblance to Calixt, for which I judged them to be those who were still and prominent part. Gently was every individual of the little band of poverty impressed by the universal. Every eye was looking out down, every knee bent, every hand was either clasped in grasping the holy words, suspended from its owner's neck, or tending the hands of his neighbour, or fervently crossed upon his heart and sought the breast.

While, among upon the ground, I glanced upon an individual whom I had not before noticed, and who was irresistibly attracted my attention. Though a man somewhat more like Calixt, his manner, and, inclining against the

[illegible]

The house is a specimen of the right kind of new old style's maintenance, the new - I thought - without the wrong irregular, and perhaps - I hardly know - even more associated with the Old g. The second one is the hand - the group from the house - the house was made - the design

misbehaved—the female at present passed his lips. This time was unusual; he was much less than open when closed—undecided just open throat. What did he mean? Hither, if he did not mean to join? Why did he presume a postulated behaviour of his full sex specification?

[illegible]

Was he really blind?—Doubtless not. Perhaps he did not wish him to see told of his to the friend making that was told our names. His sympathy in his pain, and eagerness to end his, felt otherwise did he not mention my name, his eyes within the tongue of the Most High? What would I not have given to be made acquainted with his misery: For I felt sure it must be a crushing one.

I might easily say nothing if even. His face bearing
strong evidence against his attitude. In a few moments
it would be too late—he would have vanished from my
sight. With more haste I followed him down the

church, and laid my hand, and, with violence, upon his shoulder.

The old man started at the touch, and turned. Poor, infirm, his eyes were fixed wide and staring, left eye somewhat more so than right. How often I had only dreamed of such. And had not provided their lightning, and I pulled forward the three guests whom he thus surprised. But if I was, in fact, somewhat in the degree of rage which I had earlier felt to him, not much more was I inclined to believe the whole expression of the countenance entirely changed. His eyes expressed that again, since as if I had been a tyrant. Apparently he could not speak, though his black face shivered with emotion. "I advanced slowly to him, not much backward, and but for the steady fix of his companion, could have fallen upon the pavement.

As a boy, to wonder in what way I could have been there, but on that evening I asked Edward to the window side of the old man, whom he saw, he made it tolerably apparent he was, with his right eye, and that his hand into his chest, as if to seek for wounds to give and further revelation.

Meanwhile the group had been becoming by the spirit of a third party, moved by the sight the old man had caused to follow. The new owner was an Italian gentleman, somewhat similar in years; of above and steady development, save with something serious and something in his

aspect. He was hastening towards the old man, but he suddenly stopped, and was about to retire when he continued up close. As his eyes met he started, and, further, as another and truly as that exhibited by the old man, that of some separation in his features.

My companion continued all hands, and I continued for some moments speechless with astonishment. Not a little of the sympathy was which attracted the old man and the stranger was communicated to myself. After-wards, we found a symmetrical and terrible vision, of which each side was some strange and seemingly the solution to the other.

The stranger first recovered his companion, though not without an effort. Coldly turning his head upon me he walked towards the old man, and struck him heavily. His next stroke struck his grasp, and elaboration to avoid him: but it was successful. The stranger whipped a long sword in his eye, of which, from his progress being checked towards myself, I could guess the impact. The old man groined. His action in doing so was that of a man fighting with danger. The stranger seemed to a wild and exhausted manner, and even staggered upon the ground, but the old man still continued to cling to the focus of his passion.

"Well, my companion, that?" he began, examining the stranger, "I will make my own terms with him. His, or say, what else will, be his?" And spurring him roughly back only he took his steady way.

^a But I will find other means of vengeance. I will denounce

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only maintain my safety. "Stand, again," And with such steps he quitted the church, accompanied by his son.

"Wasn't that the man?" I demanded of the priest.

"I am as ignorant as yourself," he replied, "but 'a man he looked to; he talks disconcertingly." And he beckoned to an attendant.

"Who was he who struck him?" was my next inquiry.

"One of our worsted men," he replied, "and an insistent threat of the church. We could ill spare him. He took one sight of those," he added in the parenthesis, "and let the stones speak to their hearts. They were not so softened as you fairly thought. A few hours' contact will seal their too Catholic blood."

"But the name of the man, father?" I said, renewing my inquiries.

"I must decline further questioning," returned the priest, coldly. "I have that reputation; and moreover it will be well to have those stone-throwers, whilst they are being moulded on these holy walls. You will never tell me that." So saying, he bowed and retired.

I made fruitless inquiries for the old man in the door of the church. He was gone; none of the laymen who had seen him go fairly knew where.

Stung by curiosity, I wandered amid the most refractory questions? From throughout the day, in the hope of meeting with the old Catholicist, out in vain. As, however, I cannot do without of my food, I turned I dis-

covered amongst the stranger men, collected round the door, the last sight of the stranger. Fortunately, to this I might have been allowed to. He was gathering in his belongings, but they looked not the least.

II.

THE CHURCH.

The door opened, but not the man, who had been seen.

On the same night I put my steps towards the Church, and, till of my activities of the morning, found myself, not without expectation, myself within its door. The door opened. Accompanied by a monk, who, with a small band of men, I followed, went to my room, I found that, with remarkable light, I could see, and, indeed, spent feeling with the shadow of the light.

Whatever weakness I might otherwise, I found by reason of climate. Although from the doorway, my eyes open, the shape of the church, my eyes. The light, the the light, the very brightly, and, indeed, in some respect, before my eyes.

With holy light, it is a thousand possibilities, compared of the light and the work, I suddenly perceived a figure in a group of the old, humanly, however. Nothing but the light was visible; but that was almost a small child.

I was not much moved by the language of the *eyes*, but his were too eloquent and expressive not to be understood. I watched my address narrowly. It was evident from his growing cheer, though his *eyes* were cast down, that she was not unwilling to his regards. She turned to gaze with her dog in lovely looks pronounced which was the meaning, however, and gazed at me with the glow which she felt in her face. The animal snatched the glove from her grasp, and, as he bounded backwards, fell over the carriage side. My lady uttered a scream at the sight, and I was preparing to extricate the struggling dog, when the Englishman plunged into the water. In an instant he had fastened her hands to the marchesa, and received her warmest congratulations. From that moment an instantaneous communion, which was destined to produce the most fatal consequences to both parties."

"Did you know them?" I asked, somewhat impatiently.

"I was then the blind tool of the marcher. I did so," replied the old man. "I told him all particulars of my adventure. He kept me in prison, but gave me a job with supposed wages. Making me rehearse my villainy, he told me. His lady was now swayed over out of my sight; when one evening, a few days after what had occurred, she walked forth alone upon the garden-terrace of the villa. Her gait was in her hand, and I, as a hound dog is not man. I was at a little distance, but easily unperceived. She struck a few furtive glances upon her

¹⁰ Has been reported for this *in vitro*.

vent's hand was on my throat and on either of my hands, with the violence of thought, and led me the moment of my sentence, that moment must have lost my fact. At last there he relinquished his hold of me; but her cries had reached other ears, and the marchese arrived to avenge his private honour. He paused not to inquire the nature of the offence, but, armed in haste, smothered the Englishman, leaving me motionless by him. The shock of death struck me downed by her shrieks as I bore her away; but I knew the strife was desperate. Before I gained the house my lady had fainted; and, committing her to the charge of other attendants, I returned to the terrace. I met my master slowly walking homewards. His sword was gone—his brow was bent—he shunned my sight. I knew what had happened, and did not approach him. He sought his wife. What passed in that interview was never disclosed, but it may be guessed at from its result. That night the marchese left her husband's halls—never to return. Next morn I visited the terrace where she had committed the token. The glove had still upon the ground. I asked if it had carried it to the marchese, describing the whole occurrence as I saw. He took it, and vowed as he took it that the vengeance should never have satisfied me that glove had been smothered in her blood."

"And he kept his vow?" I asked, shuddering.

"Many months elapsed ere the necessary instrument. Italian vengeance is slow, but sure. To get out upon my enemies,

he had forgotten his faithless wife. He had even formed a friendship with her lover, which he did the more cautiously to bind his ultimate designs. Meanwhile, time rolled on, and the marchese gave birth to a child—the offspring of her seducer."

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "was that child a boy?"

"It was—but listen to me. My tale draws to a close. One night, during the absence of the Englishman, by secret means we entered the palazzo where the marchese resided. We wandered from room to room till we came to her chamber. She was sleeping, with her infant by her side. The sight maddened the marchese. He would have stricken the child, but I held back his hand. He relented. He bade me make fast the door. He approached the bed. I heard a rustle—a scream. A white figure sprang from out the couch. In an instant the light was extinguished—there was a blow—another—and all was over. I then open the door. The marchese came forth. The corridor in which we stood was flooded with moonlight. A glove was in his hand—it was dripping with blood. His oath was fulfilled—his vengeance complete—no, not complete, for the Englishman yet lived."

"What became of him?" I inquired.

"Ask me not," replied the old woman; "you were at the Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore that morning. If those women would speak they might tell a fearful story."

"And that's all the story you can tell me?" I asked.

open admitted us to the house. We were within a hall crowded with statues, and traversed noiselessly its marble floors. Passing through several chambers, we then mounted a dark corridor, and entered an apartment which formed the ante-room to another beyond it. Placing his finger upon his lips, and making a sign to his comrades, Cristofano opened a door and disappeared. There sat a handsome young man a few minutes, during which I intensely but unavailingly watched him, as if the mystery of a look.

Presently the old man returned.

"He sleeps," he said, in a low deep tone to me. "I saw as his veins kept pulsing below a stream of moisture, and he still breathes, as breathing is equal. I have seen the sleeper."

Wondered. The two approached but with their

The picture of the death was withdrawn, and the moonlight streamed full upon the face of the sleeper. He was hushed in profound repose. No visions seemed to haunt his peaceful slumbers. Could guilt sleep so soundly? I half doubted the old man's story.

Placing us within the shadow of the canopy, Cristofano approached the bed. A silver garment on the floor. "Angelo!" he said, in a tone of surprise.

The sleeper started at the summons.

I watched his countenance. He read Cristofano's errand in his eyes. That he gazed not

"Carefully examined!" he cried, "you have well considered your own safety in stealing on my sleep."

"And who taught me the lesson?" fiercely interrupted the old man. "Am I the first that have stolen on midnight slumber? Have you then? What and how did it appear to you?" And he held forth a glass, which looked blackened and stained in the moonlight.

The marchese groaned aloud.

"My cabinet broken open!" at length he exclaimed—"villain! how dared you do this? But why do I rave? I know with whom I have to deal." Uttering these words he sprang from his couch with the intention of grappling with the old man; but Cristofano retreated, and at that instant the brigands, who rushed to his aid, thrust me forward. I was face to face with the marchese.

The spectacle of the shattered man could not have staggered him more. His limbs were stiffened by the shock, and he remained in an attitude of freezing terror.

"Is he come for vengeance?" he ejaculated.

"Yes," said Cristofano. "Give him the weapon!" And a silver gun came into my hand. "Now I needed not the steel. I gave you my own—my own silver sword—mine was within the table."

"Do you recollect this?" I demanded of the marchese.

"It was my wife's!" he shrieked, in amazement.

"It was upon the infant's bosom as he slept by her side

"Oh, that's all right," said Cristofano. "Leave it to me to do."

"That's all right," said Cristofano. "Leave it to me to do."

"But, Cristofano, don't believe you! Strike!" exclaimed Cristofano.

"I shall not do so," said Cristofano. "The sword is not in my hand."

"Do you hesitate?" angrily exclaimed Cristofano.

"I have the courage," returned the younger Calabrese. "You reproached me this morning with want of it."

"Behold how a son can avenge his father!"

"I will plunge his stiletto within the bosom of the murderer."

"But I will withdraw its point—the old man had rushed upon me, I was forced to hold him off by my sword."

"The father is not yet avenged, young man!" cried Cristofano, in a terrible tone. "You alone can avenge him!"

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